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Poetry, American.
Jesus Christ — Poetry.

note
Presentation
copy

KING
OF
KINGS

BY

WM. N. MESERVE

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JESUS CHRIST

WHO is this Jesus Christ and why
  Should eager questions multiply?
Whence comes this enigmatic man
  And why His e'er increasing train,
A very world-wide caravan,
  Disarming cavil and disdain?

This Jesus is of royal birth,
The highest born of all the earth;
His mother, virgin, David's line;
  Eternal God of heaven His sire —
What majesties in Him combine,
  What glories in the Christ conspire!

Inev'table the Nazarene,
Inscrutable, self-poised, serene;
Of stateliness He makes no show,
  No self-importance lines His face;
Of all the lowly, lowest low,
  He meekest of the human race.

A giant shall His stature be?
No son of Anak outwardly;
A common man mid common men
  Urbane to all of all beliefs;
All lovely to discerning ken —
  Great Chief above ten-thousand chiefs.

Fall calmly from His gracious lips
Such wisdoms as all else eclipse;
Two-thousand of untiring years
  In science deep by ferret foe
By men of note, reputed seers,
  His wisdom fail to overthrow.

Men search with microscopic eye
And pass no source of knowledge by;
All doubt and cavil careful sift,
  Give all interrogation heed,
Go far and wide on mission swift
  Permitting nothing to impede.

Again is asked the question, who?
Who penetrates Him thru and thru?
He, simplest of all sons of men,
  Complex is found and fathomless —
Yet like the common citizen,
  Abnormal not, nought in excess.

Supreme the Lord Jehovah stands,
Attention of the world commands ;
Advantage greater than of yore
  Makes clarion the Gospel note ;
True preachers, more than e'er before,
  Have wiser grown and more devote.

Christ Jesus was, His words maintain,
For sinners slain ; in Him they're slain ;
In Him ! O mighty words in small,
  What wealth of Gospel they convey !
They tell of rescue from the fall,
  They mark, illume, salvation's way.

In Him perfection comes to view,
In Him His people have it too ;
For perfect must His people be ;
  What else Jehovah tolerate ?
And less than perfect even He
  If from perfection He abate.

In Him our righteousness is found
In fullest measure to abound.
Nought short of righteousness will do,
  It is the charm of Paradise ;
Christ supplements ; this is the clew
  That Jesus' Gospel glorifies.

In Him sanctification's power
Comes duly into perfect flower;
Decreed it is, and God is just,
  The justified be sanctified;
Jehovah justifies the trust
  They have who in the Lord abide.

In Him redemption ripens fair,
To Him the needy must repair;
Than His there is no other name
  Under the heaven given to man
To give redemption from the shame
  That holds the world beneath a ban.

Unostentatious is His mien,
Yet Christ is centre of the scene;
All nature instant gives Him ear,
  Responds with swift obedience;
E'en lashing winds in mid career
  Submissive cease their violence.

And demons, hateful in their spite,
Slink back into their proper night;
And Satan, head of that bad train,
  Self-willed, determined, ruthless, strong,
Before the Christ is futile, vain,
  Defeated, he and all his throng.

And God-like man, puissant, bold,
Defiant, yet by Christ controlled,
His weapons grounds, his will submits
  To Him whose right to rule it is,
Counsels with Truth, his folly quits,
  And crucifies his enmities.

Whence hath this Man this wisdom gained
When schools and rabbis He disdained?
Gamaliel's self had need to sit
  Where Mary, heeding Him the same;
So Paul the mighty his lamp lit
  At Jesus' torch of heavenly flame.

Compendious His mental power,
Transcendent beamed His spirit dower;
Incomparable His way with men,
  Compulsory was seldom seen;
Unerring His unequaled ken,
  Unruffled His great soul serene.

Some friends, the hotspurs of His train,
With eye mayhap to selfish gain,
Would make Him King, with royal state,
  An army give Him, numberless,
Exalt His fame — themselves inflate,
  Essay and win world-wide success.

Away, said Jesus, back, beneath,
The sword's best place is in its sheath !
Who takes the sword the sword shall pierce,
  Who shouts the fatal battle-cry
Lets passions loose, afire and fierce
  Like raging flames in forestry.

'Tis not of earth my kingdom, friends,
My kingdom from the heavens descends ;
My soldiers arm with keener blade
  Than could Damascus give to them ;
If in my armament arrayed
  They stand 'gainst ev'ry strategem.

My realm, so peaceful in its sway,
Makes steady progress day by day ;
By littles onward surely gains,
  And upward in its moral tone ;
My cause advances, darkness wanes
  And Satan futile to postpone.

And that my realm fore'er shall keep
I lay foundations solid, deep ;
Cemented fast its stones must be
  And blood, my own, must enter there :
So writ in heaven's most just decree
  And to fulfill is first my care.

So long, and not so very long,
  Since Judah's midnight felt the thrill
Of praises from th' angelic throng
That sang th' annunciation song —
  On earth be peace, to men good will.

Annihilate is earth-born time;
  'Twas yesterday — nay, nay 'tis now!
We hear the rapturous heavenly chime
And see the wondrous pantomine
  And hearing, seeing, lowly bow.

The quickened soul discerns more clear
  So tutored in the heavenly school;
Has entered on a new career,
Is on the threshold of a sphere
  The which is heaven's vestibule.

Unsealed, the inner eyes discern
  What else were wholly past the ken;
And embered powers begin to burn
With swift and holy zeal to learn
  The secret lost but found again.

The Man of men, by angels sung,
  Revealed the key of knowledge lost;
Keyed up the lute so long unstrung,
From cruel death reprisals wrung,
  Accomplishing at inf'nite cost.

On earth be everlasting Peace !
  Is heard in heaven and earth again
To captives comes a sweet release
To sorrowing ones a swift surcease —
  Redundant comes good will to men.

The blesséd two of Nazareth
  To Bethlehem came faring,
Thus to fulfill, as Scripture saith,
A strange prophetic shibboleth
  And wondrous meaning bearing.

The Word foretells great things of thee
  Thou Bethlehem Ephratha :
For out of thee there cometh He
The Man of men and destiny,
  To whom the world shall gather.

Thy name itself significant —
  The house of bread its meaning ;
For bread the multitudes e'er pant
And oft in dire distress of want
  On nought supporting leaning.

The manger means great things as well,
  By no means accidental ;
And questioned closely hastes to tell
Its own peculiar parallel
  In things experimental :

The Child is vastly more than child
  When seen in that connection;
Ossa is here on Pelion piled,
Great words were scarcely counted wild
  Whatever their inflection;

For Jesus is life's Living Bread
  The house of bread must bear Him;
Thy manger's where the cattle fed
And here the world for bread is led
  And thus these things declare Him.

Thus cried the Christ: Come unto me
Ye burdened ones and lab'rers ye;
From me receive the rest ye crave,
  With me yoke in and study me,
And wait ye need not for the grave
  From earthly ills to set ye free.

Fear not the yoke; 'tis easier far
Than Satan's studded collars are;
The fears that trepidate your souls
  In me are swiftly dissipate;
Your hand in mine, and mine controls
  The trials sore that agitate.

My spirit unto yours conjoined
Begets in you a peaceful mind;
So has it been and ever so,
  However placed assuredly;
My peace, like Amazonian flow,
  Shall widen to a shoreless sea.

Composite Man is Jesus Christ;
Is summed in Him all human good;
All men have heritage of good;
Coincident is this with Christ's,
Hence Christ is in the brotherhood;
And He, eternal Son of God,
Is elder of the Father's sons
And His is primogeniture.

All children-bearers Marys are,
From Eden's Eve to Eve the last,
Whate'er her lot or wheresoe'er;
Preferred is she of Nazareth,
Upon her primal rank conferred;
So motherhood crowns womanhood
Scarce less than Mary's self who bore
The Christ, the very Son of God.

And happy she who comprehends
And covets from the Father's love
Such priceless gift in prayerful hope

God's blessing may attend the birth,
God's hand uphold, direct, sustain,
Inspire and clothe the gift with power
And wisdom lib'rally bestowed —
Such is the joy of motherhood.

Blesséd in spirit are the poor
Whose common lot is to endure;
If righteous then their little store
  Than mountained wealth is better far;
Th' eternal kingdom just before
  Where wealth and home and friendships
    are.

In spirit shall the poor be blest;
This having they may waive the rest.
The little that the righteous win
  All doubtful riches far exceeds;
The righteous see their heaven begin,
  To fulness their lean pathway leads.

Blesséd are they that mourn, 'tis said;
The mourners shall be comforted.
Great millions comfortless exist,
  Unsolved their problem how to live,
How manage barely to subsist;
  The Lord to such has gifts to give.

To mourn is better than to feast;
By feasting is one's power decreased;
Distress results; vitality
  In mourners' sable weeds is dressed
And so to mourn is soon to see
  The royal way of being blest.

Ye troubled ones, learn to be meek,
The meek are far more strong than weak;
In God's great heart the meek lodge deep;
  Apportions He rich prizes, great,
Coronal glories heap on heap,
  Which at the portal them await.

The truly meek find nothing bleak;
For better good need ne'er to seek;
Meek Moses Egypt's pride laid low,
  Led millions safely forty years;
Such meekness leads the world in tow,
  Which soon their heritage appears.

Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
Earth-good compared is meritless;
As David's soul hungered for God,
  Great David's greater Son as well,
On such highway all souls should plod,
  The way that has no parallel.

Soul-hunger has its proper food,
Provision right in plentitude;
Undoubtedly is under guard
With Joseph's Antitype in charge;
Soul-hungry cry meets no discard
But quick supply, prepared and large.

And blesséd too the merciful
According to the golden rule;
Man's inhumanity to man
Blots black the record of it all;
If merciful his Partizan,
The Christ, shall lift him from his fall.

It's Godlike to be merciful;
Better far than blood of bull
In ritualistic sacrifice;
The world in chains, oppression holds
But mercy puts on wings and flies
To gather such in safety-folds.

To purity Jehovah calls;
Impurity in death-traps falls
And creeping blindness supervenes;
Blest change awaits a heart made pure;
It is the blood of Christ that cleans —
Blood-washing works th' eternal cure.

The world, at odds because of hate
So cruel, sleepless, unabate,
May yield, has yielded to the Prince
  Whose realm is peace ; be ye at Peace !
And counsel it ; yourselves evince
  The spirit that makes war to cease.

Blest Peace has victories more renowned
Than monument war's bloody ground ;
Soft answers make for happy peace ;
  Works miracles the golden rule ;
The Christ decrees that wars shall cease ;
  God's sons to Christ should go to school.

If fires of persecution flame
Again are ye of blesséd name
If falsely be ye persecute ;
  Be glad, exceeding glad, rejoice,
Nor falter if your foes impute
  Dark sins to you with ceaseless voice.

Let persecution's stake-fires burn —
Such fire but quickens to discern ;
It kindles on heart-altars fires,
  Fit forges for the Mighty Lord
To fashion weapons He requires
  And fit the soul for heaven's reward.

As Joseph loved the hard-heart men
Who schemed his death, commuted that
To banishment and slavery,
Then duly rose to second place
Where Pharaoh reigned supreme —
All this that life might be preserved —
So Jesus Christ His brethren loved
Tho hearts of flint against Him turned
And ruthless hands smote oft and oft
And feet were winged to do Him harm
And human hate with hell conspired
Him to defame and Him despoil
And blot Him out and seize His throne —
All this that life might be preserved —
Forgiveness trembles on His tongue;
They builded better than they knew
As did Caiaphas who said
That one must die ransom for all;
Jesus discerned the good beneath,
Twin to the good Himself possessed,
The selfsame good that sweetens space,
That glories heaven and heaven's host
And sums itself in heaven's God.
In Jesus Christ is corporate
All human good; Satan compends
All human bad; unerring law

That no reversal knows shall draw
When due the line discriminate;
Then what affiliates with God
To God inev'tably shall go
And Satan, scavenger, shall seize
All else his fatal fires to feed.

How rang the arches high
That dome the inf'nite sky
  When Jesus came!
How grand the all-heart voice
That made all heaven rejoice
  In glad acclaim!

They knew this fated world
Swift on to doom was hurled,
  None to prevent;
No angel host could stay
The coming fatal day
  Nor speak dissent.

God's only Son they saw
Put on the fateful law
  That voiced the doom;
Who took the human guise
To face God's great assize
  And sin assume.

And seeing this they cry
Glory to God on high,
  To men be peace!
Our Lord a Savior is
And great the mysteries
  That ne'er shall cease.

From every coast comes up the cry
The world has need to unify;
'Tis brotherhood that makes demand —
  All men are brothers everywhere —
Requires they grasp each other's hand
  And make each other's weal their care.

There are no distances today,
Swift transit having right of way.
The cross uprears in every land,
  Commercial int'rests fraternize,
And so the whole wide world is spanned
  With kindred kinds of enterprise.

Appears it therefore evident
The world requires one government
Located on the world's highway
  That ocean-craft of every wing
May come material dues to pay
  To Jesus Christ the world's Great King.

This therefore nominates Him King!
And calls upon His world to bring
Their loyalties to His great throne
  And with Him faithfully to stand
And introduce Him to His own
  And put the sceptre in His hand.

THE FATHER

GOD is a Spirit, Infinite,
  Named and declared in Holy Writ.
Divinely touched, the human sense
  Sufficiently may comprehend,
Gain satisfying evidence
  Which, crudely gained, God will amend.

Eternal, so made known, God is
An infinite of mysteries.
Man, finite, loves to have it so,
  Would less than this repudiate;
By subtle instinct comes to know;
  Has powers allied to God, innate.

Unchangeable is God revealed,
Irrevocably so is sealed.
Forever perfect God appears,
  In Him inconstance cannot be;
This heartens man, allays his fears,
  He builds on solid verity.

The Infinite has attributes,
In each profoundest institutes.
God is: His Being thus made known;
  Responds to this man's inner sense.
His Wisdom His creations own
  And show supremest excellence.

God's Power His mighty works declare;
His finger-marks are everywhere.
God's Justice, soon or seeming late,
  Is written large in history.
His Holiness, intolerate
  Of sin, appeareth in decree.

God's Goodness spaces permeates
And man, especial, inundates.
God's Truth no sophistries impeach,
  Is pinnacled on highest hight;
And Love, unparalleled in reach,
  Illumines with illustrious light.

These attributes a great arch seem
And Love shines forth the central theme.
Greatest of these is Love 'tis said;
  God loves, and God deep-loved in turn,
Access to glory's not delayed;
  He happiest who this shall learn.

Hope carries in her star-lit hand
Safe guidance to the better land;
She kindles from her quenchless flame
  An answering glow in human hearts
Makes stalwart man's celestial aim
  And mighty impetus imparts.

Faith, only in the germ alive,
Divinely touched begins to thrive;
What possibles in faith reside!
  What deeds of valor halo it!
What victories if faith collide!
  What promises in Holy Writ!

Denied is oft God's Fatherhood;
His providence is patent proof;
Rewards in large the patient search
And loyalty needs never wail;
His faithful ones God seeks to bless
Nor can they hide His presence from.

As fathers pity children, theirs,
In manner like the Father His,
And more and vastly in excess
As God is infinitely great.
Earth's kindergartens all are His;
'Tis Fatherhood — yes Motherhood.

We read, unless we read amiss,
The Father's good is manifest;
If harvests fail let men confess
Their own the fault; improvidence
May look for certain emptiness;
Unfaithfulness is twin to want.

The Father clarions to toil
Which lubricates with copious sweat;
In honor of the Lord, this done,
Shall merit and receive full weight
Of harvest riches, gift on gift,
Pressed down and full to overflow.

To be enquired of enjoins,
Enforced upon His children nought.
If stopt the stream of daily prayer,
Then stop it would the daily gift;
'Tis prayer opes wide the blessing-gate,
'Tis Love gives grant of great supply.

Our God is one, is three in one
The Father, Spirit and the Son;
Distinctions draw, who rightly may?
  Each to define in full, who found?
The Word persistently says nay;
  So wrecks of great attempts abound.

'Tis in God's glory to conceal;
'Tis in God's glory to reveal;
Sin-blinded eyes can never see
God's glory, if they could, 'twould dim;
Such, from blinding sin set free,
As God permits so see they Him.

At best but little, finite sense,
Takes in God's limitless immense;
Best comprehension of a man
Before the greater problems stoops;
If asked the Infinite to span
Down to incompetence he droops.

God's glorious and fearful name
None other may presume to claim;
Jehovah is thy God: so said
Jehovah's prophet, Amram's son;
Herein the world is comforted,
A desert else, sadly undone.

The world is God's; usurpers dare
Set up their standards everywhere,
Lay claim to ownership and do
Great violence to God's domain;
Eventual rightness must ensue
And usurpation shall be slain.

All things together work for good
And patiently the work's pursued;
God's children, whatsoe'er their aim,
  Are children of His loving hand;
Makes known to them His glorious name
  And seeks to make them understand.

God's kindergarten world is dear
For God is Motherhood and near;
God loves His children, loves them each
  And lists their lispings, eyes them all;
And seeks by every means to teach,
  Is round about them as a wall.

God gives and gives, incessant gives;
Because He gives each loved one lives;
To live — 'tis blessing very great;
  So constant to receive how good!
It sets the heart a-palpitate,
  For sweet reflection, spirit food.

Sublime of science — God to know;
From knowledge such, great wisdoms flow;
For man is man of noble hight
  Who constant probes, interrogates,
By steps becomes an erudite
  Whence wisdom surely emanates.

For mastery is his domain,
Command of elements to gain;
Materials profuse surround
  And latent forces nearby lurk,
Which rightly sought are surely found;
  The key to mastery is work.

The name of hell's lowway is drift;
The name of heaven's highway is thrift;
The many there, the lonelies here,
  God's presence marks the difference;
Magnificent the one career,
  The other marked by indigence.

Who climbs the heights? who sounds the deeps?
Locates them who, heaven's outer bounds?
If God fill space, infinite space,
Who grasps e'en faintly His domain?
If God epitomize Himself
Who limns Him so or who describe?

God is and by His work is known;
Sky-students, if in doubt, are mad!
To see intelligently, holds
Such eye in spell; God is indeed!
He fool declares himself who says
There is no God and worlds are chance.

God is and must be; law proclaims
A living God, The mighty law
That holds in leash all systems vast
In rythm that music is and grand,
Declares God is; response is found
Innate in man who manly is.

Stars on stars are piled, compiled
In firmamental congeries;
And glory were a word most tame
Or any word or train of words
Or tho't with mighty magnet armed
To marshal words to make Him known.

Himself is God's eternal throne,
The universe; the heaven of heavens
Contains Him not nor circumscribes;
All space where heavenly bodies roll,
Majestic suns and satellites,
Is part of God's eternal throne.

O depth of riches fathomless!
O Wisdom's height, invites us press
On, on and up with courage good
For so some things are understood;
His ways past tracing out yet seen,
In part, whatever intervene.

In the beginning God; the trend
Of His creation comes to end
Where it began, with jointure none,
No lapse, no schism, forever one.
Great space God's mighty world requires
Where move and flame siderial fires.

Divine direction moves the whole;
Great suns majestically roll;
Vast systems centrally constrained
By power eternally maintained
Press on in designated course
In strict obedience to force.

Jehovah's comprehending eye
Leaves nought it faileth to descry.
Bend humbly to His will the great,
The least upon His motion wait;
The whole, to God subservient,
Yield fealty with full consent.

Except, and strange exception too,
Vain man wills otherwise to do;
Asserts himself, his God denies,
Some fetich makes and deifies;
This jangles wide in God's domain,
Hence minor notes in sad refrain.

And hence, again, Love, affluent,
Ingenious, quick and permanent,
Personifies in God's dear Son,
Commissioned, He, a course to run
That holds in awe th' angelic throng
And tunes a world to happy song.

He pictures God; the Son declares
Else sharpest scrutiny despairs;
To sin-hurt eyes elusive is
And God is wrapt in mysteries;
Acquaint with God, His only Son
Reveals to man the Holy One.

God's world of firmamental suns
That seem conjoined like nuptial ones
Together hold in leash of fire
  Yet hold apart that in between
Some planet worlds, prone to aspire,
  May join in joyful bonds irene.

Here living colors, million hued,
Make blend, inharmonies exclude,
Kaleidoscopically move,
  Some hither urge or thither beat,
The poetry of motion prove
  Forever in progression fleet.

For every star's a glowing gem
And all have glory given them;
Dependent all on God to trace
  At certain speed, no more nor less,
Their circling course in endless space
  With geometric perfectness.

These suns with sound suffuse the throne,
Peculiarly from each its own;
Conjoined 'tis music faultless, high,
  Befitting God who loves such praise;
For systems with each other vie
  Most pleasing symphonies to raise.

And wondrous is the repertoire
In consonance with heaven's law;
Rules sameness out, tameness denies,
  At newness glad, rewarding it,
Which charmingly electrifies
  Nor ever shows a deficit.

Who wields the baton of the skies,
Direction gives to harmonies?
From out th' angelic throng there stand,
  In turn to stand, a gifted few,
With rod seraphic held in hand
  Conceptions heaven-born to construe.

And now 'tis David stands at fore
And King is writ his person o'er;
In hand a simple rod is held—
  'Tis Aaron's rod translated here,
With potency scarce paralleled
  And splendid in its new career.

Here David's harp of solemn sound
Grown to an orchestra is found;
And David, harmony alive,
  Gives God full-measured song;
And all with utmost soul connive
  To thrill heaven's corridors along.

Infinite God! Who searching finds?
What tentacle of human minds
Lays hold on God? Consents He not;
  Or if consenting, Deity
Transcends the highest reach of tho't;
  Forever on beyond is He.

Forever God! Beginning ne'er
Nor end discovered anywhere;
Man thinks and thinks in futile round,
  In compass small, nor widely can
Except some foothold may be found—
  Essaying, stops where he began.

Immutable is God! Nought is
That can disturb God's verities.
Mutation marks creation vast—
  Creator, God, the same fore'er,
With future none nor any past,
  And scrutiny must needs forbear.

THE SPIRIT

O HOLY SPIRIT, Paraclete,
Accept us at the mercy-seat;
We come the blood-red stains to see —
Our Great High Priest has sprinkled there;
We come with reverent heart and knee
For here the contrite must repair.

Accept we pray; acceptance we
Give wholly, heartily to Thee.
None else has vital breath to breathe
Our eager waiting souls upon;
We beg the Spirit will bequeath
Such riches else we die forlorn.

But so enriched our tremblings cease
And buoyant Hope renews her lease;
Nor merely do we live, but live
Harmonious with a higher sphere
Where doubts and fears are expletive
And dark forebodings disappear.

Guide into truth Spirit divine
Lest error swerve my pen astray;
A touch, a breath, may deviate
Whate'er intention nerve my will;
When good I would, some vagrancy
Athwart me glooms, misshapes my course
And into tangle plunges me;
O wretched that I am! Who shall
Deliver from this snare of death?

So Peter cried: Lord, save, I sink,
And had been gulfed had not a hand
Him caught to rescue from himself;
He crested water safely till
Self-consciousness blurred Jesus out;
The while he looked to Christ he strode
As if the wave were solid ground;
Nor was the lesson on him lost;
He fixed his eye anon on Christ
And fixed his heart and stood and stood!

O Holy Spirit, Light divine,
Entrust us with the countersign
That we may pass the outer guard
  And stand on consecrated ground
And be anoint with temple nard,
  Initiate in truths profound.

Ope Thou our eyes that we behold
The wondrousness God's words enfold;
Half blinded else we fail to see
  And not to see is not to know;
We hunger, thirst, on bended knee
  Awaiting gifts Thou may'st bestow.

And wider, wider still, we yearn,
Our eyes be opened to discern;
Lest truth half seen be half denied,
  Soon questioned hard then mainly lost,
And darkness settle and abide
  And life be paralyzed in frost.

To broken-hearted ones He brings
His own peculiar comfortings;
Steals softly into musings dark,
  The pigment from the dark extracts;
For blest ignition has the spark
  Which acts, reacts and counteracts.

Not long can heaviness down weigh
If but the Spirit shall allay;
He waits for lifting of the eye,
  Awaits the choking, wordless sob,
Attent to catch the faintest cry,
  Alert to set the heart a-throb.

And mountains lifts from off the heart,
Bids hypochondric fears depart;
As little ones in hand are led
  So larger ones companioned are,
And being led are comforted
  As three rejoiced 'neath Bethl'em's star.

O Holy Spirit, Paraclete,
Effulgence of the mercy-seat,
To truth we, lowly, would be led,
  That longed-for freedom, long, long sought,
For which with earth-powers we have plead,
  From heaven's resources may be brought.

'Tis promised us we shall be freed
With freedom that is free indeed;
Sin's shackles gall beyond endure
  And doubly riveted are they;
We seek to our discomfiture
  To break from such foul chains away.

And cry: O wretched that I am,
And dupe of every passing sham,
Who from the body of this death
  Shall me, and now, deliv'rance give?
I find, as Holy Scripture saith,
  'Tis Jesus Christ who bids me live.

Nor is there condemnation more
As tremored all my soul before;
I know that all things work for good
  To them who love with love supreme
The Father, God, as lovers should —
  Undying love, their noblest theme.

O Holy Spirit, Source of light,
We beg Thee dissipate our night;
Dispirited and lost we stray
  In labyrinthine ways confused;
Continued effort adds dismay,
  Persistence leaves us heartsick, bruised.

Is given us direction wrong
By some who ever 'round us throng;
Unhappy they in ways they walk,
  With company seek comforting;
Beguile the way with vapid talk
  And miss the proper leading-string.

And equally unhappy we
In certain other company
Who viciously misguide us on
  In mask solicitously sweet
And presently pitch us upon
  And trample us with rough-shod feet.

Thy hand, ineffable, we pray,
O Spirit, softly on us lay,
That guiding us we go aright
  Along the path that Truth is named;
So guided scarcely need we sight,
  'Tis safety's way, forever famed.

MAN

FILE past us in a grand review
  The heroes of the old and new;
A legion they of world-wide birth,
  Of manly soul, of manly pose;
To them is debtor all the earth,
  On them a wealth of honor flows.

Jesus, Exemplar, seen of men,
Jehovah come to earth again,
Is foremost, grandmost, mightiest,
  Exalted by world-wide acclaim
And followed sturdily in quest
  Of Eden by a better name.

All earth, redeemed, is Eden now,
Responds she to a heaven-driven plow;
By steady progress cultivate,
  The noxious fails, the useful wins;
For man, if manly potentate,
  Sees much to do, instant begins.

Uproots the thorn,— the fir uprears;
The brier kills — myrtle appears;
And nature shall rejoice with joy
  Scare equaled by her rightful Lord;
All tongues loud voices shall employ
  To sound God's praise in blest accord.

Men, cynical, loud shout aha!
And prophesy downfall not far;
Proclaim the Christ is failure now —
  At least the church decadent grows;
Admit the earth is under plow —
  And sow mean tares where Christian sows.

'Tis but the wish of vanity;
'Tis eye asquint, comes so to see;
Deranged the mind, interpreting
  In minor strain earth's onward trend;
The earth is in the mighty swing
  That ultimates a glorious end.

A model man, great David, king,
Whom statesmen laud, whom poets sing,
Whom God exalts progenitor
  Of kingly men, with Christ in lead,
The wide world's mighty Conqueror —
  Such merit imitative heed.

The perfect man was David? no;
His reapings his seed-sowings show;
But David saw with honest eye
  The sins that him in bonds hard held;
The prophet Nathan told him why
  Reprisals up against him swelled.

And David, manly, down fell prone
Before his God, his sins to own:
Against Thee, God, Thee only, I
  Have sinned and shocking evil done;
Be merciful, O God, I cry,
  Do not my heartfelt pleadings shun.

Was lifted up, by grace restored,
Was set his face his Savior toward;
Counseled with God to lead him straight,
  As so advised to wield his sword
Or wield the sceptre of his state,
  Perfect in Him whom he called Lord.

Ahithophel, O! how could you
To such a ruler prove untrue?
How could you Absalom advise
  Against his father and your king,
Whose service made you wondrous wise—
  Whence such a willingness to sting?

Ahithophel and Judas yoke
And hot anathemas provoke ;
Arch-traitors they, and world-abhored,
  To infamy are relegate ;
Betrayers of their King and Lord
  They richly merited their fate.

The proper man is couth and kempt,
From doing well is ne'er exempt.
To him himself is put in trust,
  A principality indeed ;
Behooves him to be right and just,
  Obeying as true mentors lead.

His body, fearful, wonderful,
Inflexibly conjoined to rule,
Requires compliance given with care,
  Intelligently rendered too
Lest foolish carelessness impair
  And presently himself undo.

To know the right, if studious,
Insures full-measured gifts and plus ;
The workman unto God approved
  Is man of men, whose hand enfolds
The lever that the Throne has moved,
  And secret of things high he holds.

But is this man in aught that's great?
Is fit for else than lowly state?
If measure of the man be mind,
  He masters his environment,
He stands at front, all else behind,
  Obedient forces give consent.

And tribute to his feet is bro't
From out the liquid ether caught,
From out the ground a vast array,
  From out the sea an endless train;
To him great empires homage pay,
  On tandem'd powers he holds the rein.

May list the song of morning stars,
May possibly converse with Mars;
Coy Venus recognize his hail
  And she as well may give him speech;
Diminishes the unavail—
  What magnitudes within his reach!

Necessity on man was laid
And so invention he essayed;
Wherein he lack he supplements;
  He swifts beyond the flight of birds,
Beyond the blust'ring rush of winds,
  Beyond the fleetest-footed herds.

His little puny hand strikes hard
When seems it that an earthquake jarred;
Builds earthways up, lays mountains low,
  Topography down to him bends;
Bids waters take unwonted flow,
  His little self gainst all defends.

TEMPTATION

TO Joseph great temptation came,
  Corrosive sin of shameful name.
He could say no, the tempted can!
  He Godlike is if unimpaired;
Man's answer measures well the man;
  He Satanlike if subtly snared.

Not captured so was Jacob's son,
He counseled with the Holy One,
With whom he walked as Enoch did
  By whom he stood as God-men stand,
Whose lives with Christ in God are hid,
  For whom there is no countermand.

How splendidly did Daniel stand
Tho captive in a foreign land!
What blandishment upon him beamed,
  What subtlety made soft approach!
But Daniel did what him beseemed,
  Was proof against his foe's encroach.

From baptism Christ, Spirit-constrained,
Judean wildernesses gained,
To fast and pray, with God commune,
For service He must enter soon.
For forty days He fasted there
And prayed the humble suppliant's prayer;
In tune with God He must be found
That power should unto Him abound.
His work now fairly on Him laid
Required He rightly stand arrayed.

Probation ending, Satan stands
Before the Lord to make demands.
Humility describes the One,
Pride swells to large perdition's son;
Strange contrast they present to view,
Unequal contest seems it, too.
Bold Satan deemed, his bearing said,
The Christ his victim should be led;
Nor skirmished long, attacked anon,
And fell the waiting Christ upon.

If thou be Son of God command
These stones be bread; thy drooping hand
Denotes thee weak, I will thee strong,
Lest, feeble, some one do thee wrong.
I, confident, make open claim

My power can wreck thy vaunted name.
Jesus indeed! Great Joshua
Were worthy foe, a man of war!
Thou, Jesus, seemest thou too weak
For me with thee conflict to seek.

'Tis written, Satan, man shall live
By bread that God on high shall give;
That bread, O boaster, giveth strength
Would stretch thee instantly at length;
Thy body, prone upon the ground
Would mark thee for a liar found;
When I within myself am weak,
From God, the Giver, strength I seek;
And as for bread 'tis not for thee
To lay commands of thine on me.

The tempter, baffled, then essayed
Another trial to be made;
Took Jesus to the temple wall,
From pinnacle he bade Him fall;
Fear not, the angels shall, 'tis writ
No harm to thee, the Christ, permit.
Now is the time, the place is this,
Below us yawns a deep abyss;
Down cast thyself if dare hast thou
So may the angels bear thee now.

Calmly the Lord looked on His foe,
Again He bent the Scripture bow:
The Lord thy God thou shalt not try
And doing so thy God deny;
Again, O Satan, hear me say
No word of thine will I obey;
The God of heaven and earth I serve,
From such allegiance ne'er to swerve;
God's Word is right, I know it well—
Thy temptings, Satan, I repel.

Satan again, high up the mount
Took Jesus, subtly to recount
The kingdoms of the world, and all
Their power and glory to recall;
And these, O Christ, I give to thee
If but thou bow and worship me;
Domain of splendor, thee before,
To me is loyal to the core;
To thee I give in simple fee—
Fall down, O Christ, and worship me.

Hence, Satan, written large, behold
The Lord, Jehovah, God, of old
Alone shall worshiped be; away
And cloud no more the light of day!
But ere thou go I bid thee feel

A crush of my indignant heel;
Henceforth urge less thy wonted way,
Unduly tempt no one to stray;
Commands on thee hereby are laid;
Omnipotence will be obeyed.

The eye of Christ on Satan bent
Paralysis to Satan lent;
Down prone and helpless on the sward
The arch fiend fell before the Lord;
By fall upon the ground contused,
By heel of Jesus sorely bruised;
As David fierce Goliath put
Beneath his conq'ring hand and foot
So Jesus laid the tempter low
And humbled him, transfixed him so.

Beneath a bruising foot fast held
In helpless guise, not wholly quelled,
Satan, his gnashing teeth between
Mouthed forth some frothy words obscene:
Of virgin born art thou? we know
What epithet befits thee so;
Thou Son of God? blasphemers such
Eventuate within my clutch;
That day at hand, relentless see
In me thy direst enemy.

The triumph of thy heel is cheap
A surface bruise, nor rankles deep;
At disadvantage strange I'm caught,
To-morrow it will count for nought;
Rejuvenated then, refreshed,
I'll see that hell's best sword's enfleshed
In thy frail frame, then death to thee
And swift consignment down to me;
My fierce resentment thou shall feel,
Far more than bruising of a heel;

Shall nurse my hate, shall study well
How place thee in my lowest hell;
Where cunning torture-racks abound,
Where furies turn the wheels around;
Where heart is none and all is hate
Increasingly infuriate;
Pay dear for this thou Nazarene
Nor long the interval between;
Bethink thee then how now thou'st erred—
To whom the Saviour not a word.

Swelled to proportions large heav'n's host,
Hell's throng diminished to its ghost;
Loud rang the shouts in upper air,
Hell sobbed its minor of despair;
And Satan, back they carried him

Whom ranked they prince of seraphim.
So Jesus stood serenely calm
Preserved from any hint of harm;
So Jesus will forever stand
With His omnipotence in hand.

The tempter round about us lurks
And every wile and vileness works;
As poison has its antidote
  The tempted has escape nearby;
For sin is found the sin-cursed goat;
  For sinners Jesus Christ is nigh.

When tempted let the victim cry
To Him who's ready poised to fly;
Swifter than tho't shall come the aid,
  God's pledge is given that this shall be;
No child of God shall be dismayed
  Who calls his Father mightily.

Unmixed such evil? never so;
By overcoming, Christians grow;
Stagnation is the unmixed ill;
  The ship becalmed bewails her fate;
When winds her flapping canvas fill,
  She moves, obeys the helm, elate.

The trial of the faith on leads,
By varied steps and noble deeds,
On to the full grown, ripened man;
As blust'ring winds make oaks root deep;
Divinely ordered is the plan
That leads him on to climb the steep.

SIN

MEN dare in sinful ways advance
T' avoid the taunt of ignorance;
Ignoring warning evidence,
They crowd where deadly danger lies;
Where ignorance is innocence
'Tis wicked folly to be wise.

Blest students of the righteous way
Give heed and bend them to its sway;
'Tis counseled them they shall repent;
On bended and on contrite knee
T' implore the Father to relent
And so repeal His just decree.

Guilty whoe'er of wilful sin
At once on death shall enter in!
In heaven or earth one man alone
God's justice could propitiate;
'Twas given Jesus to atone,
None else could rehabilitate.

So prayer, in Jesus' name, devout,
And childish sophistry ruled out,
Lisped from the very inmost soul—
  The Father's heart so importuned
Upon their heads will blessings roll
  And breathe a balm on every wound.

And, Reason, apt in words of pride
Such lowly measures to deride,
Finds never, never, seeking where
  Her self-sufficiency may lead
A panacea to compare
  With what heaven's Healer hath decreed.

Sin-smitten souls, bereft of hope,
And even sight, and left to grope,
Find instant cure as also found
  The woman, seeking cure in vain
But always yet more strongly bound
  Till Jesus gave her health again.

How small the price to pay for health,
How easily obtained such wealth!
The richest one of all the earth
  Is not depressed 'neath weight of stuff;
His treasure is of highest worth
  Whose store of little is enough.

With Jesus Christ in partnership,
And good in fulness to the lip,
With Him advancing, hand in hand,
  Within His yoke and under lock,
So may he boldly surely stand
  Tho wide-based pyramids should rock.

That wayward son whom Jesus paints,
Who hating wholesome home restraints
Demanded and received his share,
  Set forth from home and journeyed far —
The Lord presents so to declare
  What sin and true repentance are.

In reckless riot plunged he in
The very vortices of sin;
His father's counsel meanly spurned,
  Took counsel with the vain and vile;
And sinning much, the more he burned,
  And bolder practised every wile.

Till substance gone and none to trust,
Expelled from haunts by heartless thrust,
Forth wandered he in hope to find
  Some one with heart compassionate,
Himself in willingness resigned
  To leading of whatever fate.

A swineherd gave him chance to feed
Some swine he could not drive nor lead;
The husks they fed on he might share
  But human food he sharply craved,
Yet no man gave the proper fare—
  He outcast, friendless and depraved.

He wisely with himself communed,
Discovered in his soul a wound,
The ghastly marks of deadly sin,
  Corrosive, putrid, horrible—
Betho't him how it might have been
  Had he heard Wisdom's oracle.

Remembered home, the fulness there,
Enough for all and much to spare—
Arise I will and thither fly
  Before my father fall in shame,
Humbly confess, unworthy I
  The benefits of home to claim;

Against high heaven I've sinned and thee
Worthy thy son no more to be;
Put me in servitude for hire,
  Among the servants give me place;
My base ingratitudes require
  A swift and adequate disgrace.

Him coming his fond father saw,
'Twas this he long had waited for,
Ran forth to meet the contrite one,
  Heart-gladness winged his aged feet —
Right-minded now his younger son
  With equal heart his sire to greet;

Fell on his neck and kissed his boy,
Dropt tears from great excess of joy,
And hand in hand each other led
  Along the grass-bare homeward way —
But little was by either said;
  Full hearts are often slow to say.

The threshold crossed, the father cried,
He lives, my son, tho he had died;
Give welcome to him every one
  With costly garb his rags replace,
Spread banquet for my living son,
  We thus his sinful past efface.

Sin is transgression, vile, obscene,
Compendious of things unclean;
Repellant is to every sense
  Till sense, perverted, tolerate;
Is then pursued with diligence
  Unto a promised frightful fate:

The soul that sinneth it shall die,
A fatal immortality;
So gain a realm of endless woe,
  Himself, not God, the blame to bear;
The opportunities to know
  Abounded plainly everywhere.

Who runneth certainly may read
And hardly miss what he must heed;
No trifling brooks life's royal law,
  Of heedlessness intolerant;
We stand before it clothed with awe —
  Insulted law is militant.

No hidden sin the law outwits;
The law is ferret, never quits,
And never fails and cannot fail
  For God is Law; Himself defends,
Has willed that broken law entail
  What Justice wills shall make amends.

This world of sinning is accursed
The whole long way from last to first.
In happy Eden there befell
  The first foul sin, th' entering wedge,
No ingenuity could quell,
  Which set the children's teeth on edge.

Defilement everywhere is rife
And poisoned is man's world-wide life;
Where one shall live a thousand fall,
  They die before they reach threescore;
And half must hear the final call
  Before full-grown, and long before.

Like cyclone path unholy lust
Has leveled manhood in the dust;
And but for Jesus Christ to stay
  The onsweep of victorious sin
The earth had fall'n in death's decay
  And hell had swept the victims in.

King David sinned in dreadful way
'S if priviledged to disobey;
And seemed to think himself immune
  From broken law and consequence;
The prophet came upon him soon
  And brushed aside aught of defence.

Thou art the man! 'T was Parthian shaft
Smote hard with blow of cunning craft.
He soon made due acknowledgment;
  To restitution make was moved;
The shaft made David to repent
  In words Repentance hath approved:

'Gainst Thee, Thee only, God, have I
Most foully sinned before Thine eye;
Have mercy me upon, I cry,
  Thy loving kindness illustrate;
Transgressions mine, O put them by
  And graciously me re-instate.

'Tis godly sorrow God regards
Aught else the sinner's case retards;
Such grief needs no repentance for;
  World-grief is sorrow unto death;
Unchangeable is God's great law
  As Paul, th' apostle, strictly saith.

Repentance era John bro't in
Thundering mightily 'gainst sin;
Laid charge of sin at every door
  Of high or low, not one exempt;
The rich included and the poor,
  The cleanly clad and the unkempt.

And thundered on and shrilled the Word
Till near and far the people heard.
Must I repent? I honored am;
  And I? philosopher am I;
Shall I? I am no son of Ham;
  Or I? I am a priest and high.

The many found a reason why
Repentance they might dare deny;
Or finding none, fell back upon
  Their God-given birthright, sov'reignty;
Approaching this, their Rubicon,
  Declined to cross to liberty.

Ye will not, Jesus said to them —
Three words that fearfully condemn.
We will not! since has been the cry
  Of many called upon to turn;
Impends for such calamity;
  They dearly pay who dare to spurn.

ATONEMENT

WHY is this Man of such renown,
This Jesus whom so many crown?
He — very Son of God is He
God's only Son and Son of Man,
Sent here a sacrifice to be
And every sinner's partizan.

He came His very heart to break
And shed His blood for sinners' sake;
In shedding which, O mystery!
And sprinkling on the mercy seat
Propitiates God's enmity
Expressed 'gainst sin in wrathful heat.

God is of eyes too holy, pure
His children's sinnings to endure;
God loves his brood? forever yes!
But love's not love if tolerant
Of aught in any measure less
Than's written in His covenant.

Obedience He calls for ; we
Most heartily should bend the knee ;
How to perform, O sad to say,
  We find not, yet we testify
'Tis right and reason to obey—
  Obeying not we justly die.

If so the situation shape
How then shall recreants escape?
Thank God, thru Jesus Christ the Lord !
  He opes the door, He is the door ;
On Him is laid the sin abhorred,
  Repentant sinners, fear no more.

But if with ways his own, inflate,
He dares God's way repudiate,
He picks the lock and enters where
  He finds what swiftly he should shun —
Fool-hardiness will often dare
  To do what is forbidden done.

He plays with fate, God's law insults,
Jehovah's self he dares repulse,
Lays wicked hand on things not his,
  Gives rein to speech obscene, profane,
Runs after vulgar prodigies,
  Affects things foolish and inane.

He flouts the day devote to rest,
Declares the church with fools infest,
Insists on pers'nal liberty
  However rudely it impairs
The rights possessed in simple fee
  His neighbors stoutly claim are theirs.

O foolish man, oblivious
In God's domain anomalous!
Who having eyes declines to see,
  And by intent his hearing gone,
Prefers to dwell at apogee,
  Declines blest perihelion.

Come unto Me, the Lord invites;
He courts his death who, daring, slights.
God's invitation is command
  Whatever accents He may use;
Do not in hesitation stand;
  Who halts is likely to refuse.

A blood Atonement is decreed,
Messiah's mission is to bleed.
He comes the Lamb of sacrifice
  Submissively to heaven's high will;
Of unimagined worth the price
  That Jesus only can fulfill.

His face is set in forward stride,
His purpose will not be denied.
Gethsemane shall signalize
  Where sin upon Him shall be laid;
And Calvary shall solemnize
Where dues to Justice shall be paid.

Come unto Me, the Saviour cries,
Come to th' eternal sacrifice!
The hungry, coming, shall be fed,
  The weary find the rest they crave;
The lost ones shall be homeward led,
  The dying 'scape a hopeless grave.

Come unto Me, He cryeth still
And cast you out I never will!
More dear than life are brethren mine,
  Dear children of Our Father they;
Jehovah loves with love divine,
  Fail not, O fail not to obey.

God pleads and tenderly commands,
His Christ invites with outstretched hands,
Whose nail-marks, plain and eloquent,
  Emphatic make the melting plea;
Whose facial thorn-marks, prominent,
  Should lowly bend the sinner's knee.

So armied millions throng the way
That leads to service night and day;
If here detained or there advanced,
  Wherever sent, whate'er to be,
To serve, however circumstanced,
  Thru time and thru eternity.

By faith, like Abraham, arise,
Relentless sever hind'ring ties;
God's blest domain and work first seek,
  God's way of living cultivate;
All other life's at best oblique,
  God's lum'nous way alone is straight.

Christ opened wide the door of hope
The world including in its scope.
Himself as missionary came,
  His standard reared in Galilee;
He kindled there a spreading flame
  To blaze its way till all should see.

Explicitly commandment gave,
Go boldly forth to preach and save;
Behold your field, the world entire,
  And hungry souls your words await;
And souls redeemed shall be your hire
  And heaven begun your own estate.

Against the missions' work uprose
Battalions of malignant foes;
Urged every plan and every plea
  And every hindrance known to hate;
They borrowed Satan's enginery
  All missions to eradicate.

Peter and Paul discovered soon
Themselves from hatred not immune;
On doing good were they intent
  And nought but good with honest heart;
On fiercest opposition bent
  Their foes commanded them depart!

Begone, ye foreign devils, go!
We wish not you nor yours to know;
With what we have we live content;
  Your innovations take them hence!
We give your teachings strong dissent,
  They give to us mortal offence.

Long centuries this spirit held;
Slow progress in the world compelled;
Eventually the fury waned
  And missions spread the world around
And less and less their work restrained
  Till empires now are Christian ground.

One at my side in awful battle,
My comrade stood and he all hopeful;
He, scenting conflict, said half gaily
In safety he would 'scape th' ordeal.
Together rushed we into carnage
And quickly both severely wounded;
Continued he at loading, firing,
But for a little moment only
When fell he on me, backward, dying,
Gave utterance to feeble message,
Up rolled his eyes and fled his spirit.

Between me and the fatal breastwork
Stood my companion 's if to shield me,
Or else quite haply I the victim;
Escape was mine and to my comrade
Pay I the tribute of affection;
I loved him well and doubly loved him
Because in death I fondly held him,
Because his death my death prevented;
So love I Jesus, for me wounded,
The fatal death-shaft stopt his heart-beat,
Sin-curst for me, and dying saved me.

GETHSEMANE

DOWN thru the vale of death's dark shade
  Went Jesus forth and unafraid;
The garden gained, Gethsemane,
  Beneath its trees found lone recess,
There broken-heartedly made plea
  For succor in great soul-distress.

Let this cup pass, His anguished cry,
Recalls and drinks the chalice dry.
Must bear the sin in aggregate
  Of sinners all, He sinless lone;
Stern Justice is insatiate,
  For sin some Savior must atone.

The chalice, handed Him and drained,
Fell foulness of our sins contained;
Such dreadful draught how could He bear,
  He purity personified?
How such assume and not impair
  The glory that His name implied?

By love and duty onward urged
The Lamb in sacrifice was purged;
The penalty He bore entire,
  Nor jot nor tittle left unpaid;
Gives challenge to what foes conspire
  To show God's mandate not obeyed.

Here love in largest plainly shows,
Its halo here most deeply glows;
Here unto blood He stands irate
  'Gainst hated sin in conflict dire;
Temptation here is ultimate —
  Unscathed, He passes thru the fire.

Gethsemane! Love's garden found
And truly consecrated ground!
The greatest of all conflicts here,
  Love's noblest triumph here was won;
The Conq'ror, Jesus, we revere,
  Our hearts with gladness overrun.

Intend we loyally to hold
With those our Captain has enrolled;
Gethsemane shall be our tryst,
  Its spirit seek we will to gain,
There to enlist and re-enlist
  And do whate'er He may ordain.

Gethsemane! Spot hallowed most
In all the world's far-spread domain.
Enacted here prelude most strange
Of Calvary; here suppliant, prone,
The cup to Jesus' lip was pressed,
Most bitter draught! impossible!
Christ's sinlessness forbade to drink;
His purity arose to spurn.
O Father, God, let this cup pass;
How can I, sinless, take these sins
And bear the shame, endure the scoff
Of devils and accusing men
And pay the penalty pronounced
'Gainst broken law — the sinner's soul
Shall surely die transgression-day?
Love won! He drained the fateful cup,
His sentence was pronounced and He
To death on Calvary advanced.

A soldier band the garden entered
Quickly around the Christ concentered;
Peter, as usual impulsive,
Drew sword and forward plunged convulsive;
The high priest's servant, Malchus, caught he
Lopt off his ear and towered haughty;

But Jesus, quickly forward pressing
Gave healing of the wound distressing;
Alive, said He, are all these regions
With angels gathered here in legions;
The least of whom in power is ample
On all my enemies to trample.

The high priest and the priests receive Him
While Peter and the others leave Him.
Caiaphas, his vestments wearing,
Receives the Christ with haughty bearing;
Admits no witnesses to right Him,
Permits a ruffian hand to smite Him;
Hears adverse tales without restricting
Tho one with other is conflicting;
The priests together stand united
To ruin Him who stands indicted;
By any means intend to do it
And cunningly in hate pursue it.

The high priest turned to Jesus asking
If He were open-faced or masking;
Broke forth: deceiver, false in heart thou,
The Christ, Son of the Blesséd, art thou?
And Jesus said I am and loyal;
My lineage is highest royal;
And ye shall see me when 'tis fitting

On the right hand of Power sitting;
And in the clouds of heaven coming
Myself all power and glory summing;
And ye, whose deeds are so unholy,
'Fore me, your King, shall grovel lowly.

Not seeing deeper than the letter
The high priest builded greatly better
Than knowledge prompted; he said truly:
Expedient that one should duly
Die for the people lest the nation
Should perish into degradation.
Because he was so evil-minded
His spirit-eye was closed and blinded;
Unwittingly gave utt'rance to it;
'Twas left for Jesus Christ to do it.
So by a proper court judicial
Was Jesus rendered sacrificial.

Isaiah's mighty words prophetic
Lift up the world from gloom ascetic;
They chase the darkness with prediction,
Lead honest hearts to strong conviction.
For us the Christ made great concessions:
Was wounded sore for our transgressions;
For sins of ours endured foul bruising,
Indignities and strange ill-using;

The sins of all were laid upon Him
The while they strangely turned to scorn Him;
Yet by His very stripes He healed us,
For blessedness eternal sealed us.

CALVARY

FROM Pilate's dread Prætorium
  Where Christ was vilely scourged, yet dumb,
Forth led they Him, cross-bearing He,
  Mid heartless crowds vociferous,
Thru streets and gates to Calvary—
  Strange concourse they, anomalous.

Broken of heart, His life near spent,
Collapse and downfall imminent,
They Simon of Cyrene seize
  To bear the cross, or help to bear;
He needed no apologies
  Had he but known how blest his share.

So Jesus' yoke; in yoke with Him
Is envy of the seraphim;
'Tis partnership with which pertains
  Of all that's counted good, the best;
Sublimity of hopes and gains;
  Of highest heights the crowning crest.

They nail Him to that shameful tree,
He lamblike, silent, makes no plea;
To driving of the nails consents,
  Incessant ribaldry endures;
His sufferings become intense
  Yet mitigation He abjures.

His bloody crown of thorns behold!
Most precious crown by many fold
This world or any world e'er saw;
  Its glory myriad times outshines
All gems the world has hungered for,
  Far more than output of all mines.

The soul that sinneth it shall die,
Which Jesus came to verify.
He died all sin to expiate
  And in His death all sinners died;
He rose again o'er sin elate,
  And, rising, all were glorified.

Redeemed ones, ceasing not to sin,
Wail presently, it might have been;
They sin, eternal life they lose,
  They trample Christ beneath their feet,
God's priceless gift they dare refuse
  So forfeit they the mercy-seat.

The gift of life to babes applies,
Herein the Father's justice lies;
But babes, increased in knowing years,
  Grown wise concerning right and wrong,
Must answer for their earth-careers,
  Must go where rightly they belong.

Two paths from beds of death diverge,
On these the disembodied surge;
God's gravitation points aright
  Infallibly how each shall go:
The blood-washed take the upward flight—
  Unwashed, they take the plunge below.

On Calvary two represent
The threshold of the permanent:
Both thieves at first the Lord reviled,
  But one, repentant, called Him Lord
And he and Christ were reconciled
  And he was started heavenward.

They represent as well the world
Where all the sin-flag have unfurled;
For no one lives and sinneth not;
  And sin must gravitate to hell
And carry all its net hath caught
  And law no other tale can tell.

Looks down, the cross, upon all else,
Before the cross world-greatness melts;
Those wonders of the ancients, seven,
  Gone and forgotten mainly they;
The cross, with haloed head in heaven
  But stands at dawning of its day.

The ladder Jacob saw was type
Which in the cross is fully ripe:
Highway to everlasting joy,
  A one-span bridge, narrow, secure,
'Long which the world's redeemed deploy
  And forward press in armature.

For noblest good stands forth the cross,
For profit all and nought for loss;
One hundred is the cross' per cent,
  Permits no discount on its worth;
All else of earth is indigent,
  The cross is sublimated earth.

Has now become a monument,
Commemorates earth's great event;
Direction gives to destinies,
  To dynasties compulsion lends,
Is sweet e'en to its enemies,
  By gentle means its bounds extends.

Resistless, constant, presses forth
From east to west, from south to north;
Has conquest of the world in view
  And, being right, has right to win
With Gentile hosts and with the Jew
  For Calvary has conquered sin.

RESURRECTION

IF man shall die shall he revive.
  Resume his entity alive?
Does death end all as some declare
  And spread a pall of hopelessness?
Are cerements for future wear,
  Is Hope's assurance meaningless?

This earthly life how valueless
If it be doomed to effervesce!
For never to have lived were good
  If present life comprise it all;
Our earthly best tho good is crude,
  Our sweet so oft has turned to gall.

Hard disappointment interlines
The brightest of our pet designs;
In revery we sweetly dream,
  We wake to hard reality;
So seldom are things as they seem
  We doubt that which we seem to see.

We hope to live again, and live
On what great testimonies give;
No sophistry belittles fact;
  The grave has given up its dead!
The proof is good, remains intact,
  Is true as history has said.

That Jesus died and then arose
Is very truth whate'er oppose;
Has raged, the conflict, fierce and long
  To prove, disprove, this crucial claim,
Have won, the Resurrection throng,
  Has fall'n, the caviler, to shame.

In Christ we're more than conquerors
He wins, receives, deserves applause;
In Him, what we must have, we find,
  By faith we may appropriate;
Such is the Gospel when defined,
  By God's own Word illuminate.

Came hither Jesus Christ to die
And thus redemption's boon to buy;
The greatness of the price is paid;
  Shows worth of that so dearly bought;
In symbols cannot be conveyed,
  Eludes the highest power of thought.

He died and duly was entombed
And three days later life resumed;
The Resurrection voices strong,
  The note triumphal Christians raise;
It trills the noblest, sweetest song
  That thrills the heart with joyous praise.

The risen Lord, after a space,
Took second rise to higher place;
Ere final leave was seen by few
  On only intermittent days
But finally bade them adieu,
  Ascending high beyond their gaze.

With faith assured and growing stout,
Our hearts devoted and devout,
This Savior we will glorify;
  The resurrection morn hold dear;
And rightly living truly try
  To prove our attitude sincere.

Does death end all? The grave said yes
Remanding man to nothingness;
'Twas seeming so for human eye,
  Attuned alone to things of sight,
In vain attempted to descry
  What lay beyond this world's dark night.

The yearning heart of all mankind
Deplored the fact of being blind;
Still ever yearned and strained to see
  And never faltered in the quest;
To be, its cry; for not to be
  Was dreadful tho't to souls distressed.

Hope ever crooned her cheery note
For heavy hearts an antidote;
Sufficient this for multitudes
  Who trusted God for every good,
Who found for their despairing moods
  In God's great grace a plenitude.

Came Jesus forth and quickly gave
An answer from a conquered grave;
Went down to death but soon arose,
  Oped wide the portal of the tomb—
So Hope's bright face the brighter glows
  Our pilgrim pathway to illume.

O conquered death, where is thy sting?
O boasting grave, what laurels bring?
Thanks be to God who thru our Lord
  The victory to us hath given;
But His the mightier award—
  The plaudits of all earth and heaven.

CONFESSION

TO Gratitude is left no choice;
  In hearty praise must use its voice;
And loyalty the echoes wakes,
  For Jesus said, if these deny—
And silence base denial makes—
  The very stones will make outcry.

The Love that's true has beaming face
And beating heart and quickened pace,
Moves on along the King's highway,
  To right and left oblivious,
Has high commission to obey
  And scorns to go anonymous.

Confesses Jesus all along
In speech and attitude and song;
Derision has no hind'ring power,
  With false advisers counsels not,
'Neath threats vocif'rous will not cower,
  Nor fears a furious polyglot.

By fervid words from hearts that burn
To make confession tongues must learn;
This doubly ties the slipless knot
  That binds to God the loyal soul;
In such blest meshes safely caught
  'Tis only fast and safe control.

Hedged in with God and God's elect
Is being saved from being wrecked.
Salvation must a hedge imply,
  Impenetrate, both high and stout;
It shuts one in none may deny,
  It shuts, thank God, great dangers out.

Salvation speaks; high heaven's decree
Commands a loud apostrophe,
The Lord of Glory to extol
  High, high above the earthly plane
To crown Him gladly Lord of all,
  Him praise again, again! again!!

And oft confessing serves to bind
The Lord with such of proper mind;
Establishes delightful tie
  Which fostered well by willingness
Would in the near-by bye and bye
  Make less the need one should confess.

With doing right there come at length
Accessions large of welcome strength;
Ability to stand is joy,
  And longer still to stand, delight;
And still to stand whate'er annoy,
  Abiding peace on faith's blest hight!

Confession too is witnessing,
Returns of certainty to bring;
By word, than careful action less,
  The kingdom ever makes advance;
But word and action best confess,
  Agreeable to circumstance.

Thou art the Christ — is Christ confessed;
Son of the Living God — the test.
Moved by the Spirit call Him Lord,
  Give honor to His glorious name;
Fix eyes on Him — that's heavenward,
  Him follow close to royal fame.

Confession splendid made they all
Who followed Jesus at His call;
Behind them left possessions prized
  And looked farewell to those held dear;
They welcomed to be ostracised,
  Enamored of their new career.

'Tis true they faltered for a space,
Incurred confusion and disgrace:
Forsook they Jesus, from Him fled,
  Denied Him both by act and word;
But they returned with hanging head,
  With eyes that scalding tears had blurred.

Returned to stand, come weal, come woe;
To stand if faced by friend or foe;
Long years in bold confession stood,
  Exemplars for a coming race,
A loyal Christian brotherhood,
  Heaven's messengers of love and grace.

What promise given is to those
  Who Jesus Christ confess!
A very benediction flows
  Upon such willingness.

Confession made before the world
  The Lord would have — requires!
'Tis like a battle-flag unfurled,
  Precursor is of fires.

'Tis challenge given, staccato-toned,
  'Tis bridges crossed and burned,
'Tis hatred of all sin condoned,
  'Tis sin despised and spurned.

'Tis fixedness of heart declared,
  'Tis music heard on high,
'Tis arms victoriously bared
  And flashing of the eye.

'Tis sympathy with heaven made sure
  As providences show;
'Tis good deeds more and bad deeds fewer
  And sin-love's overthrow.

'Tis very heaven bro't down and nigh
  Whose peace becomes a crown;
'Tis opened windows of the sky
  And blessings raining down.

For with the heart one shall believe,
  By mouth confession make;
Thus righteousness one shall receive,
  Salvation so shall take.

Entreat me not, I will not turn,
  Lead, Naomi, with thee I go;
If griefs within thy bosom burn
  My breaking heart shall share thy woe.

Thy lodge shall be my resting place,
  Thy kin and friendships mine shall be;
To God, thy God, I turn my face,
  For nought shall sever thee from me.

And where thou diest there will I;
  The stone that marks thy final rest
Shall indicate my body nigh —
  In life, in death, together, blest.

BAPTISM

BAPTISMAL water is God's will
All righteousness so to fulfill;
Jesus Himself, tho sinning not,
Inev'tably to Jordan sped,
Received of John that which He sought
And thither His believers led.

Thus Jesus, taking sinners' place,
The sinners' humblement must face;
Must come to John as came a host
All sin upon Him to be laid;
By leading of the Holy Ghost
He that demand on Him obeyed.

I toiled up Mount Moraga, gained
Its grassy height, a space remained;
Saw rolling toward me, up th' ascent
A vap'ry cloud which me enwrapt
And me baptized as underwent
The Red sea host where baptism hapt.

Alone with God, that summit on,
I stood beside a Rubicon!
Yes, yes, to Spirit baptism true,
  I cross ne'er to retrace my way,
But onward press, glad to pursue
  What God designs me to obey.

And since, continuing to serve,
The Lord upholding lest I swerve,
A present Lord has stood me by
  With providences evident:
Has given me guidance with His eye
  And wonderful encouragement.

And who are these in bright array?
Thou knowest, hear the angels say;
From tribulation these appear
  Now clad in blood-washed garments white;
No night nor tears nor dying here
  Nor soul-destroying appetite.

Continue so before the throne
Allegiance more and more to own;
Give service glad, continuous,
  Nor droop they e'er in weariness;
Their lips with joy are tremulous,
  Their brimming eyes their love express.

Great prophet, John, the mighty Voice,
So wonderful in power and poise,
Great leader of a mighty troop
  To baptism he should introduce,
Unworthy deemed himself to stoop
  His Master's sandals to unloose.

The prophet cried, There cometh One
By whom the true Baptism is done:
In water I, in Spirit He,
  And also in consuming fire;
Attendant only see in me;
  In Him the surgeon's arts conspire.

With practised hand the scalpel takes
And instant right incision makes;
The cautery is next applied;
  So only is the virus stayed;
And so the need is satisfied
  And restoration true is made.

The prophet John, assistant he,
Incompetent for surgery,
Prepares the victim, serpent-bit;
  The surgeon wields the scalpel true
Then deftly cauterizes it
  And this is being born anew.

Except from earth's allurements torn,
Of water and the Spirit born,
Ye enter not heaven's kingdom high,
  Fall short ye must for only so
Would heaven be tol'rant to the eye
  Or could ye bear within to go.

Repenting ones to water speed
By Scripture told them of their need;
Believe and be baptized ye all,
  The great apostle Peter cried;
Obeying not ye surely fall,
  Jehovah will not be denied.

How flocked they to the standard when
The Christ led forth the van of men!
And yet how little He required!
  How reasonable His easy test,
How gladly multitudes conspired
  To do His will with happy zest!

Come, come! Shall preachers so entreat
And every begging phrase repeat?
Such course defeats the object sought,
  False tribute pays to sinful pride;
The self-respecting thus not caught;
  Sharply must right and wrong collide.

The sinner loves the dulcet tone
That seems his sinning to condone;
Comes back again and yet again
  To list the song, the preaching sweet;
Is scarcely conscious of a pain
  Where soft and pleasant sweetness meet.

The baptist, John, no purring did,
He stood erect the throng amid,
Laid charge of sin upon them straight
  And called them instant to repent
And then baptizing should await —
  Commanded they should give consent.

Bold Peter stood the throng before
Upon their heads his words to pour;
Ye men with wicked hands have slain
  Messiah, Jesus, God's dear Son;
Repent and turn to God again
  And be baptized ye every one!

NEW BIRTH

EXCEPT a man be born anew
  To hope of heaven he bids adieu.
If wish he cherish heaven to gain
  Transformed he must be, changed entire;
In all his thoughts and doings sane,
  Baptized in holiness and fire.

If born not so he cannot see
By natural birth so blind is he;
By nature man receiveth not,
  Deep loser he transgressing law;
In Christ the power to see is brought,
  Then sees as ne'er before he saw.

Sees dimly, prays ope Thou mine eyes,
Give vision clear and make me wise,
That wondrous things I may behold
  Hid in the law, forever hid,
As rocks conceal the precious gold
  And blind attempts to get forbid.

'Twas Nicodemus made the plea ;
If less than right then how should he
Acceptance with Jehovah find ? —
  Momentous matter long unsolved —
Master in Israel yet blind !
  His soul's salvation was involved.

Except one be of water born
And of the Spirit, he, forlorn,
In heaven's domain no entrance hath,
  Shut out, inevitable his fate,
To suffer God's eternal wrath
  As revelations clearly state.

The temple's self this shows most clear,
Enquirers see if come they near ;
The outer wash the laver shows,
  Denotes the cleansing God demands ;
The fire that on the altar glows
  For baptism of the Spirit stands.

When one with these rightly complies
On may he press to win the prize ;
For that which now may entered be
  Is vestibule, the Holy Place ;
And here, made quick, begins to see
  Fruition of Jehovah's grace.

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Of precious promises is heir
And these puts on for daily wear;
Is clad in armor head to foot,
  Is bold, aggressive and alert,
Content and true wherever put,
  Will every ounce of power exert.

The gracious Lord, compassionate,
Pains special took to illustrate:
As Moses on a standard reared
  Serpent of fire, of fire-like brass,
So in the world the Christ appeared
  Amid a reeling dying mass.

As Israel when bidden, look!
The cavil of their pride forsook,
Turned filmy, languid, dying eye
  And saw the serpent on the staff,
Had instant, glorious liberty
  And joyousness in soul-deep quaff.

So Nicodemus and his kind
In Jesus Christ renewal find;
He on the cross of Calvary
  With eye of faith is looked upon,
Gives freedom from sin-leprosy—
  Sin's night gives way to glorious morn.

And this is life, supplanting death,
This is the Christian's vital breath;
He lives, is consciously alive,
  New powers within his being stir,
New hopes within his soul revive,
  Is now an Aaron or a Hur.

And glad to be the Lord beside
With Him to stand whate'er betide;
To bear the Lord's reproach, for some
  Upon his head will heap contempt;
The stones will cry if he be dumb;
  From witnessing none is exempt.

And being found to duty true
According to this life that's new,
What satisfaction fills his soul,
  For virtue is its own reward!
His faith-asset is worth the whole
  That unbelief holds in regard.

It's good, beyond all telling good
To join the Christian brotherhood!
God's family on earth are they,
  The blesséd Patriarch is He;
They're joy to Him and He their stay
  Thru time and thru eternity.

LORD'S SUPPER

CONSTRAINT upon the Lord was laid,
  Counsels of heaven must be obeyed.
So pressed He toward Jerusalem
  Beyond whose pale no prophet dies,
Went where His judges would condemn
  And give Him o'er to sacrifice.

On Thursday night, preliminal,
Occurs a fateful interval:
The Paschal feast is duly spread
  And Jesus with His friends surround;
Meantime He takes the sacred bread
  And, breaking, speaks deep words profound;

Looks up, His very soul outpours
On wing that to the Father soars;
Is glad and more than glad to be
  To His dear ones a Ransom fit;
Thankful that worthy found is He
  To pay the forfeit requisite.

Take, eat ye, this my body is
To summon great remembrances;
For eating this ye feast on me
  If happily ye shall discern;
So eating ye shall come to see;
  By sure degrees great secrets learn.

The cup in manner like He took
And heavenward bent adoring look;
He bids them in remembrance drink
  Of Him, Messiah, God's dear Son,
And, drinking, promise not to shrink
  From martyrdoms e'en then begun.

He spoke in solemn tones and kind
With words intended to remind:
This is my blood for sinners shed
  Which shedding not, in sin they die;
To slaughter must the Lamb be led
  God's justice thus to satisfy.

This feast a glorious hyphen is
Between two mighty mysteries;
The one is Christ our Sacrifice,
  The other Christ to come again;
Looks back to paying of the price,
  Looks forth to glories ne'er to wane.

O Judas, traitor, how could you
To such a Master prove untrue?
How barter Him for small or much,
  Above your Lord how set such gain?
How could you, Judas, dare the clutch
  So sure to give you mortal pain?

His flesh and blood, the real feast,
He gave to them as Great High Priest;
He solemnly did constitute
  That little, sturdy, loyal band
Efficient host to prosecute
  The Gospel truth in every land.

Partaking of the bread and cup
Is Christ the Savior lifted up;
Who, rightly lifted up, will draw
  The world of men where'er, when'er;
Established He a royal law
  With which no laws of men compare.

The shadow of all doubt beyond,
To this great multitudes respond;
The Supper is the Lord's and He,
  Where His Him honor give, presides;
'Tis granted there is mystery
  But Christ for mystery provides.

And from the table emanates
A power that on the Spirit waits;
Lays hold of hearts susceptible,
  Hold fast with tendril stedfastness,
Enfolds in love's receptacle,
  Which, high as heaven, is fathomless.

Enough to know the Eucharist
May deepest sympathies enlist;
Reminds of tragedy the great,
  Recalls the scenes of Calvary
And sets the heart a-palpitate
  Unless the heart congealéd be.

Of Love, the like else none, it speaks,
An answering love divinely seeks.
Love unrequite is most forlorn;
  The Father's heart is chiefly sore;
The Savior's heart of hearts is torn
  When those He loves love Him no more.

But true it is, and grandly true,
He gets good measure of His due;
Around the blest communion board
  For nineteen-hundred years they've come;
Nor has the spirit of it lowered,
  Nor has the voice of it been dumb.

Continue so to come will they,
Constrained to gather and obey;
Full-hearted at the Paschal board
  Where they Christ's tragedy discern;
O'erflowing-hearted, looking toward
  The glory of His sure return.

DEATH

SEE Jesus Christ the Lord invade
  The gloomy vale of Death's dark shade;
All conquering Death! The final fear
  Insistent, noiseless, seen not, sure,
All heedless of a prayer or tear,
  Respecting neither rich nor poor —

All conquering Death? excepting One
By whom was Death himself undone;
And robbed of terrors was the grave,
  Which shuddered all the sons of men,
And to their tim'rous spirits gave
  Heaven's soul-reviving oxygen.

Believers bound to Jesus shall
In Him find life perpetual;
His conquests shall to them accrue,
  His exaltation lift them high,
His Spirit shall their souls renew,
  In Him shall be a deathless tie.

Let unbelief its cavils raise
Faith finds an antidote in praise;
Praise ye the Lord! Well pleased is He
  And quickens to exalted moods
And gives a present victory
  And lifts to happy altitudes.

If doubt obscure the light divine
Still glows it with a deathless shine;
Impossible that earth-born gloom
  Shall shroud belief in utter dark;
Cripple is death and riven the tomb
  And Christ a sublimated Ark.

Let atheistic subtleties
Arise with if and but and quiz;
Blest Inspiration comes apace,
  The living Word, endued with might,
Defeats and scarcely leaves a trace
  Of such deemed wise and erudite.

Let folly-fads, seductive arts
And all that's found in pleasure-charts
Combine a soul redeemed to swerve,
  How futile found such idle means!
Christ needs but touch His loved ones' nerve,
  They stand and stand! His kings and queens.

O'er Christ Himself Death seemed to stand
With final conquest in his hand:
Upon the cross the Christ hung dead,
  Had ceased His broken heart to beat,
Upon His breast had drooped His head —
  For Death a victory complete?

For days the silence of the tomb
Confirmed a seeming hopeless gloom;
Hope died! They tho't it had been He
  Who Israel should liberate;
All now is in the minor key,
  What cometh, sadly they await —

But Christ arose! All nature beamed
The heaven above with glory streamed;
For death had lost its dreadful sting,
  'Twas seen to be transition blest,
Celestrial messenger to bring
  Glad tidings of eternal rest.

Laz'rus, come forth! So Jesus said
To him who four long days lay dead;
His cold disintegrating ear
  Instant gave heed and Laz'rus lived,
Made haste in daylight to appear
  That no one there might be deceived.

Deceit was none; the Lord delayed
That mighty power might be displayed,
That very death unquestioned be,
  Collusion also have no place,
That proper witnesses should see
  Of lowborn trickery no trace.

Conquered was Death! The eye of sense
And witness of intelligence
Saw Death laid low; came Laz'rus out
  Alive, erect and Death stept in!
Forever sin is put to rout
  And death blow dealt to Death its twin.

The dark-plumed angel's busy hand,
  Whose feet all pathways press,
Accelerates life's ebbing sand
  With hard relentlessness.

No loving hand, no throbbing heart,
  No dearest wish to bless,
No hindrance known to human art
  Averts his ruthlessness.

Thy will, O Sov'reign God, be done!
  Death's touch is heaven's caress,
The Christian's triumph grandly won
  And sealed in endlessness.

THE CHURCH

O EARTHLY home of heaven's elect,
  Sublimed by heaven's great Architect!
Purchased with blood of priceless worth
  A ransom far beyond compute;
And but for taint of sinful earth
  Would bear rich yields of perfect fruit.

Good yields she bears tho better far
If followed she her guiding Star.
Some in His lum'nous footsteps press
  With loyalty heroic, great,
O'erjoyed by action to confess
  Him Lord, Jehovah, Potentate.

Imperfect tho the church appear,
Incomparable is her career;
Competing rivals far outstrips,
  They dure a little, seldom long;
She, needing nought of scourging whips
  Moves ever forward, stalwart, strong.

In all the world the church is best
And so by multitudes confessed;
The deepest needs of hungry souls
  Abundantly she satisfies;
Ignoble passions she controls
  And, duly, lust, corrosive, dies.

The church is Jesus' blood-bought Bride
He loves with heart-throes multiplied;
He loves as He can love alone,
  Intense, incessant and entire,
His children these, His very own;
  In mutual loving they conspire.

The church will live, indeed outlive
What other good the world can give;
Has lived thru cold indifference,
  Revives she when is great the need;
At intervals she glows intense
  When freed from earth's debasing greed.

The church awaits, a very ark,
Calls whosoever to embark;
A storm of fire awaits the world,
  The church a refuge-ark is seen
'Gainst which there vainly shall be hurled
  Swift fiery darts, intense and keen.

This ark eternal safety is
The sum of saving prodigies.
The loving Savior, once concealed,
  By proxies doing deeds that bless,
Here stands in openness revealed
  And beams with loving graciousness.

Church of the first-born, seen on high,
A benediction to the eye,
There in the living way and new,
  Where manumitted ones go free —
This is the living church and true,
  Where's nought of incongruity.

A church, full rounded, has in view
What she in foreign lands can do.
A missionary Jesus was,
  Of throne and glory self-divest,
Incited by no mere applause
  But to redeem the sin-oppressed.

Came to His own without repute —
To hear His own His claims refute;
But came! fulfilled His mission all,
  Set forces hard awork to lift,
Uplift a lost world from its fall
  And arm it with a conq'ring thrift.

Go ye! said Jesus to His bride—
His church is Jesus' bride—go wide
And far, the living Word to preach
  And I, your present power and guide,
Will show you how the world to reach
  And how the hindrances o'erride.

Preach Jesus Christ, Him crucified,
And cry it out as Jesus cried!
They soon were quicked, great numbers turned,
  Quit wilful sinning and gave heed
To what from teachers such they learned,
  Received, believed the Gospel creed.

My giving to the Lord shall be
  With open hand and heart;
His gifts to me are full and free
But give I cannot, poor, poor me,
  What have I to impart?

So little I may call my own
  And that is hardly mine;
For, Lord, dependent on Thy throne,
The things I have are but a loan,
  The stamp they bear is Thine.

But can I give Thee nothing now?
  How poor is my estate!
Before Thee, Lord, I humbly bow
And register my solemn vow
  Myself to consecrate!

The isms are legion
  And each is schism
And every region
  Abounds in ism.

The isms are fungi
  And leech on truth;
No ism has tongue-tie
  And none has ruth.

They live but briefly
  But ere they die
They publish chiefly
  Soft sophistry.

And yet forever
  They re-appear
As ever clever
  For new career.

They're hydra headed
  And fanged with hurt,
Yet little dreaded
  When Truth's alert.

Truth once delivered,
  And once for all,
Like shield has shivered
  The darts that fall,

The Gospel's glorious,
  The story old ;
Fore'er victorious
  If staunch and bold.

BIBLE

THE world of endless books has king;
They to the Bible tribute bring.
Bible is King. Acknowledged chief,
High, high above them like a tower;
Whose mighty sway transcends belief;
A very world-wide reigning power.

'Tis Magna Charta of the world;
'Tis Flag of flags abroad unfurled;
Compendious of truth it is,
Has impress of the hand divine;
It deals in nought but verities;
Within it all the graces shine.

Toward sin repellant, sure it is;
May seem t' omit th' amenities.
Denunciation marks its page—
Sin stirs the Bible's deepest hate;
It sometimes shows a mighty rage—
Toward hypocrites is furiate.

The Bible is God's Holy Word
Given to a world that grossly erred
That trampled God's law into dust,
  That flouted His just right to reign,
That shamelessly plunged into lust,
  Made desecrate God's holy fane.

That substituted lies for truth
That swathed their black in white forsooth;
That chose the night, ignored the day,
  To do what day would blush to see;
That, knowing right, would not obey,
  Declined to bow on humble knee.

God's book with law is saturate,
To deal with sin is adequate.
It may be loved with love intense,
  So David loved God's righteous law;
It is the righteous man's defence,
  In part 'twas that God made it for.

It poses, rightly too, as friend;
It warns all wicked ones to mend;
Gives reasons urgent and insists;
  For instant action strongly pleads;
Deals sharply with unhallowed trysts;
  Warns warmly whatsoe'er impedes.

The Bible maps the way to live,
Is free compendious rules to give
And this supplies tremendous need;
  As engines need the guiding rail,
And like as engines render heed,
  So give to Bible truth all hail!

The subtle, evil, earthly ways,
That blaze the paths till all is blaze
Have back-fires lighted in the Book
  Where safety is, and happy they
Who seeing danger rightly look
  And swiftly fly from death away.

Nor look they back as looked Lot's wife
When she from Sodon fled for life;
She pillared into salt, condemned,
  Is monument to give us pause;
God's Book shall never be contemned,
  No trifling may insult God's laws.

The Scriptures search! commands the Word;
Eye hath not seen nor ear hath heard
Such wonders as within abound,
  Exist there still that one may find
What earth-light never yet has found
  Reserved for one who is not blind.

Who diligently quests with sight
Made competent by inner light
Shall find in God's great .iving Book
  Some nugget there for him 1esigned,
Needs only that he look and look
  And he shall find, and he shall find !

The Living Word, God's Only Son,
Has earth's best powers of speech outdone ;
For supplemental to His speech
  What God alone could do He did ;
Sent forth His Word with mightier reach
  Than kings' commands accompanied.

As speaks the Son the Father speaks ;
Such mouth-pieces the Father seeks ;
To keep the echoes all awake,
  To rouse the world from deadly sleep
That conscience-tremors overtake
  A world of hapless human sheep.

Our God would have His people gird
To speak and live the living Word ;
Our part, tho small, required is ;
  The Spirit is the Power in chief ;
Accompanied with prodigies
  Outreaching far beyond belief.

Outdone blest Pentecost might be
Should Christians heartily agree;
When seeing eye to eye they stand
  With fixéd gaze upon their Lord
To catch the word of His command,
  To speak and do with one accord;

With crushing foot upon their spleen,
Of lowborn rivalries washed clean,
In honor each by each preferred
  And each to other kind and true—
A marvel new shall have occurred,
  The heavens would hold it in review.

For such the Word directs, provides,
The Spirit has in-rushing tides;
'Tis given God's church to clear the way
  And station take as God directs;
To stand serene without display
  And take a part as God elects.

See running thru the Word a thread
Significantly dyed blood-red;
A thread of many strands indeed
  Whose core in Jesus' blood was dyed;
By God, triune, 'twas so decreed,
  On Calvary 'twas ratified.

Partakers in th' atonement all
Who hear, or gladly would, the call;
The forest beast when serpent-bit
By instinct seeks the proper herb;
So man by his instinctive wit
Seeks what his rankling hurt will curb.

In Christ's atoning blood discerns
The only cure for deadly burns;
Sin's fiery serpent bites to kill,
Unnumbered hosts has surely slain;
The blood, the Christ came here to spill
Has countless ones make whole again.

PERSECUTION

FOUL persecution's hydra head
  Conspired 'gainst Christ and those He led;
What Jesus did but fanned the flame
  Of jealousy for throngs believed;
Which soon a deadly hate became
  That mightily their souls upheaved.

Sent spies they out Him to o'erreach,
To catch Him wrong in deed or speech;
They sleuthed His footsteps up and down,
  Saw doings strange, His teachings heard;
They noted well His great renown,
  The power and wisdom of His word.

To Nazareth they doubtless came
For something that would soil His fame;
Interrogated left and right
  His people, neighbors, playmates, all;
Made inquisition born of spite,
  For youth is marked by fall on fall.

This Joseph's Son — reputed son —
Was found to be the Righteous One !
A sweet, obedient, blameless life
  Was testified on every hand,
A Man of peace, for this His strife ;
  For virtues all made open stand.

Mary when asked was reticent ;
Their hate, to her, was evident ;
Gave voice to few words, commonplace,
  Declared Him dutiful and kind,
Unfriendly to things low and base,
  Possessor of a noble mind.

Jesus in public, e'er astute,
Well knowing enmity acute
Would dog His footsteps, Him to spoil,
  Called twelve His bodyguard to be
That they, incessant near, should foil
  A sleepless, ruthless enmity.

'Twas sought, His mental power to test,
Him show a weakling, self-confessed ;
With words astonishingly keen
  Instant opponents all disarmed ;
While He, victorious, stood serene,
  His mighty spirit wholly calmed.

The martyr's blood is fruitful seed,
Enrichment of the world indeed;
The martyr Stephen staggered Paul
  Whose madness to belief was turned;
A million martyrs in their fall
  For Christ a thousand millions earned.

Who Godly in Christ Jesus lives
To unbelief great umbrage gives;
In subtle ways, and hard to bear,
  Shall come the venom of the sting;
It is a badge gladly to wear,
  A proper thing for coveting.

'Neath persecution Christians grow,
The babe becomes the full-grown so.
He who endures injurious hate
  The promises may surely claim,
Most precious and exceeding great
  And passport to eternal fame.

All Godly people it is said
To persecution shall be led;
The fires of persecution-shine,
  Felt on the straight and narrow way,
Are fires that blessedly refine
  And serve to dawn the endless day.

Intrepid Paul found pleasure grim
In persecution given him;
Was glad to suffer with and for
  The Lord who paid for him the price;
Sought no evasion of the law
  Which wills a cheerful sacrifice.

Exceeding good is chastisement;
The rod is sweet and bitter blent;
It comfort gives, the Word declares;
  To kiss the rod indeed were well;
'Tis discipline for Christ's confrères—
  Or scourge upon the road to hell.

'Tis persecution burns the brand
That marks one for the Shepherd's band;
'Twere well the brand were never hid,
  But bravely, openly displayed;
Some hide in dark as hides the squid;
  It marks professors much decayed.

Stand forth exemplars ye of good!
Declare your faith, stand straight, unhood.
'Tis half the battle to be brave,
  'Tis more than half to bravely dare;
'Tis shackles smitten from a slave,
  'Tis vestment like the King's to wear.

Thou, Captain of Jehovah's host,
  Before whose breath fall Jerichos,
Invincible 'gainst any boast,
  Serene, secure, whoe'er Thy foes,
Stand by us, Lord, defenceless we,
Our whole dependence is in Thee.

Forebodings fateful, whispered threat,
  Make havoc of our wonted peace;
We hear the foe his weapons whet,
  We cast about questing release;
Stand by us, Lord, we perish else,
For tossed with fears our spirit melts.

Begone our fears, awake our trust!
  The Lord of lords and King of kings
Shall crush to undistinguished dust
  Whoe'er our arch-assailant brings.
Stand by us, Lord, help us to stand;
We take with joy Thy proffered hand.

A predatory fly
  Out of the tribe of gad
Went gaily forth to spy
  What forage could be had.

A gentle ox he saw
  And toward the prey took flight
With full intent to draw
  A liberal draught at sight.

Forth drew his sharpened lance
  And forthwith made a thrust
And swifter than a glance
  Lay groveling in dust.

The ox fed gravely on
  And seemed to give no heed;
A tail-automaton
  Had deftly done the deed.

The gadfly, home again,
  In friendly safety hid
Rehearsed in graphic strain
  What persecution did.

So any patient ox
  Resents injurious schism;
The ox is orthodox,
  The gadfly is an ism.

SANCTIFICATION

JUSTIFICATION is at fore,
  Sanctification's op'ning door.
What vista thus the eye confronts,
  What variedness of changing scene!
Are stirred awakened hearts at once
  To scale all obstacles between.

In Christ are Christians justified,
In Him all Christians must abide.
How justify and still be just
  Is problem God alone can solve;
How clarify away all dust
  This clouded problem may involve;

How make the effort to succeed
That he who runneth still may read—
The answer Jesus Christ rings out!
  'Tis dark as night from Him apart;
The Gospel brings it all about,
  'Tis Deity's consummate art.

'Tis this that Jesus Christ endears
To hearts that lose in Him their fears;
God's just demands He answers all,
  By faith this reckoned to us is;
No condemnations on us fall,
No harm from hell's conspiracies.

Whatever means may have been tried
By faith a soul is justified;
Nought short of faith the Lord can please,
  The simple faith children possess;
Aught else partakes of some disease
  Which ends in loss and long duress.

With heaven's great King O to be right!
For not to be is desp'rate plight;
Estrangement dreadful supersedes
  And must if God dishonored be;
If tolerant of wicked deeds
  Then God partakes of perfidy.

God may not, must not, will not see
Whatever sin complacently.
If Jesus, Savior, interpose
  He covers sin, how foul so e'er;
In Him is freedom from our woes
  And but for Him is rescue ne'er.

And being justified what peace
Bids tremors of the soul to cease !
A holy confidence ensues,
  Somehow is gone disturbing doubt ;
Elate, the soul is swift to choose
  To execute the right-about.

Soon learns dearly to love the path
That light from heavenly regions hath ;
'Twixt true and false discriminates
  Because with wisdom's light imbued ;
Keeps loyally within the gates
  Where nought subversive may intrude.

Still presses on to greater good
As problems met are understood ;
Chief problem on that great highway
  Pertains to God, His attributes,
The tho'ts His messages convey,
  The teachings of His institutes.

Still faith's unending fight he makes
And one hight gained another takes ;
Not satisfied with good, his quest
  Constrains to onward, upward strife,
Has earnest yearnings for the best
  Discovered in eternal life.

If justified then sanctified;
To separate were suicide.
First is initial to the next,
  Potential also for the race
Along life's highway, sorely vext,
  That men of God must ever pace.

If separate, the world denied,
If consecrate and sanctified,
The race is sure, run not amiss,
  With Jesus Christ run hand in hand;
The Word shows this with emphasis,
  With promises at their command.

On life that is eternal take
Such hold no power, not God's, can break;
For man from loves of earth divorced
  And given direction heavenward,
Divinely cheered and re-inforced,
  To God's great favor is restored.

Surpassing good to make advance
Upon so great inheritance.
Surpassing good if present good
  Alone comprised advantage found;
In self-respect is plentitude,
  In this the lowliest is crowned.

But more, far more, the man awaits
Who dares assail the heavenly gates;
Inspired he makes the proper dare—
  God loves a living faith made bold,
He lists the breathless heart-deep prayer,
  Wide opes the everlasting fold.

'Tis life; forever on to live
'Tis this it pleaseth God to give;
But God's elect, in Christ elect,
  Have given to them eternal life;
'Tis this by promise they expect,
  Fruition of a faithful strife.

Eternal life is life on high
Where airs most precious rarefy;
Too sweet and too ethereal
  For dwelling place of souls not clean;
Too pure for aught inimical,
  Repellant for the vile and mean.

The Pharisee, in conscious worth
Stood like a monarch of the earth;
For his exalted state gave thanks,
  Was not like other men, and glad;
Stood high above the common ranks,
  Was not like them in all things bad.

The publican his bosom smote,
Gave utt'rance to a humble note;
Looked down upon the dust below,
  Fit symbol of his own degree;
Confessed him worthy of the woe —
  O God, be merciful to me!

The Pharisee retired in pride —
The publican went justified.
'Tis filthy rags, self-righteousness,
  Humility is royalty;
Which, lowly poised, is ne'ertheless
  High heaven's accepted loyalty.

MIRACLES

THE Lord of miracles bereft
  Suffers far more than common theft;
His miracles credentials are;
  If true, establish they His claim;
They're true in each particular,
  Above all names they lift His name.

Who else in all the world's domain
Such reputation can sustain?
Who else in majesty like His
  Commanded earth and sea and sky,
Cast devils out and sicknesses
  And routed cavil wondrously?

Who else invades the realm of death
And to the dead restores their breath?
No incantations mark His mien;
  The calmness of all confidence
In all His wonder-work is seen—
  Divinity in prominence.

Who else since then, two thousand years,
Speaks challenges for any peers?
Stands Jesus Christ erect, alone,
  'Twixt heaven and earth to mediate;
Sole tenant He in His blest zone,
  None could His mission vindicate.

If miracles be fables mere
All history is drivel drear;
Must reason, fallible and weak,
  Are questions of all realms decide?
Has Faith no stand from which to speak,
  No car aërial to ride?

Is sense, sin-dulled, the ultimate?
Can mind, sin-injured, extricate?
The miracles of Jesus probe,
  Probe Him and in just balance weigh;
Sit honestly in ermined robe
  And give contestants all fair play.

So seen a miracle is good,
So countless multitudes conclude.
Why not? God can, if needful will;
  Hence miracles, urgent the need;
Hence Jesus dowered to fulfill,
  And miracles are true indeed.

A palsied one, to Jesus bro't,
On him a miracle was wro't.
Because in faith ye come to Me
  No hand of Mine shall ye debar;
Be of good cheer, my son, said He,
  Forgiven thy transgressions are.

This Man proceedeth to extremes;
So tho't the Scribes; and He blasphemes.
Alike to Him if tho't or talk;
  Said Christ: which easier: sins remit
Or bid the palsied rise and walk?
  Nor ever have they answered it.

That ye may know the Son of man
Forgiveth as Jehovah can,
Arise, take up thy bed and go
  Unto thy house; and he arose,
Departed thence; and we may know
  Today such power the Savior shows.

A Miracle is Christ and prime,
In wonder clad, supreme, sublime.
Messiah cometh, prophets cried,
And Christ is prophecy applied.

On adamant this Jesus stands
And holds the powers in His hands;
The powers seen, as well unseen,
Of earth and sky and wide marine.

A chief of miracles appears
When Jesus Christ the sinner nears;
Him overcometh, not by might—
Speaks to his finer sense of right.

The Father's means employed explains
To cleanse the sinner of his stains;
Presents God's invitation so
To which the sinner can say no;

This is respected; the Father pays
Due deference to a sinner's ways;
He, arbiter of destiny,
Decides what fate his own shall be.

Accepts! and angels clap their hands,
And tune their harps, the angel bands;
Joy reigns on high; e'en God, triune,
With angel harping is in tune.

A recreant will surrendered is
And classed among the prodigies;
A man in God's own image made
Whose vested rights may none invade;

Whom God set free, protects him so,
Immune from wiles of friend or foe ;
He freely takes, freely rejects,
As his unhampered will directs.

But takes ! Instant the pearly gate
To him swings ope, itself elate ;
Heaven echoes and re-echoes sound
Indicative of joy profound.

PREACHING

THE Truth of God has least eclipse
  If God inspire the preacher's lips;
He, called of God and sanctified,
  Stands forth high heaven's ambassador;
In him are graces multiplied,
  Thru him, from God, a blest downpour.

Degrees of inspiration? Yes,
According to his willingness;
This stalwartness of will implies
  Its utter consecration, glad;
A man of God, of God made wise,
  Tho reckoned by the world as mad;

Who dares his mouth to open wide
And counsels from above provide,
The Herods of the world dares beard,
  Rebukes the Pharisees where'er,
Shall be by providences cheered
  And onward led for further dare.

Accepts, and gladly too, the hate
That dogs his feet insatiate;
Declines no path of duty shown,
  Steps boldly in and forward there;
It leads he knows up to a throne
  Where royal purple he shall wear.

Welcomes the deeply burning brand
If held in the Great Shepherd's hand;
He's rendered safe by brand-mark sere,
  On him no poacher can presume;
Henceforth there's nothing he may fear,
  Satanic cohorts give him room.

The preacher, who of God is called,
Of God he also is enthralled;
Climbs high that so he may commune
  With Him who dwells upon the mount;
Communion brings him into tune
  If deeply drink he at the fount.

His message great, if simply told,
Upon the sympathies takes hold:
And I if lifted up I be —
  So Jesus counsels him to speak —
Will draw a list'ning world to me,
  A world of lost ones whom I seek.

One secret of a true success
Is sanctifiéd recklessness;
Foolhardy never; that will lead
  To downfall ludicrous and sure;
But Spirit-led, on, on with speed
  To fields of conquest, near, secure.

If tongued for soothing, honey-lipt,
With maze of words in flatt'ry dipt—
Rejection at God's holy hand
  Awaits proclaimer such as he;
All such Jehovah will withstand
  With charge of wretched perfidy.

Or money-mad if he be found
His guerdon trails upon the ground;
The money-craze is more than bane,
  Destruction marks its sordid trail;
It soils and taints the sacred fane
  And robs it of its Holy Grail.

The preacher is a man of prayer,
Lives on his knees so to prepare
For faithful work acceptable,
  Lest blush of shame suffuse his face
And condemnation's oracle
  Consign him to deserved disgrace.

Jesus Himself to pray had need;
Jesus was very man indeed!
Jesus as man with God communed;
  For He, eternal God, is One
Who willeth to be importuned,
  With rich reply thru Christ the Son.

Prayer in itself is spirit food
And prayer insures a plentitude,
And constant prayer is instant strength,
  Is courage for an exigence,
And carries one to any length
  In wonderful experience.

And not to pray is hopeless dearth
Like sterile regions of the earth;
And prayerlessness is lack of food,
  A starving for supplies of grace;
And short will be the interlude
  Ere such will find the no-prayer place.

Said Paul, the preacher, preach the Word;
From which is reasonably inferred
Of earthly mines the richest mine
  Is God's own Word; has every gem,
And every ore a thousand fine
  All fit to blaze a diadem.

The wonder-working Word is preached,
Much of the world the Word has reached;
The tell-tale stains of sin remove
  At vital touch of truth divine;
The outcome of its workings prove
  The glorious heavens its powers refine.

The glorious heavens the Word inspire,
It has the burning bush's fire;
It blazes high yet nought consumes,
  It consecrates wherever placed,
It strangely, splendidly illumes,
  Transforms to beauty any waste.

Is sharper than a sword the Word,
In Jesus' hand it never erred.
In no man's hand will greatly err
  Who counsels rightly with the Word;
If God and preacher but concur
  'Tis needful only to be heard.

Explicitly are preachers told
Some special message to unfold;
Repentance and remission one;
  Great theme is this; but few so great;
It treats of sinning souls undone,
  By Justice doomed expatriate.

But Justice, mercy-tempered, holds
Until the Gospel plan unfolds;
This opes the blessed Gospel way
  Which Justice righteously approves;
'Tis Love's incomparable display
  Upon the way Jehovah moves.

Another theme shall preachers use:
Concerning her who broke the cruse
Of nard so precious, costly, rare;
  Who lavished all upon her Lord;
Anointing Him, herself had share;
  Memorially spread this abroad.

Another text to them is given:
At hand is the kingdom of heaven.
This manna is to hungriness,
  A welcome, soul-refreshing draught;
Incites the weary on to press,
  Is wings, them on and up to waft.

Scarce robbed is any like the man
Fed measure-full on lifeless bran;
Whose right it is to have full weight
  Of Gospel message, true and rich,
Presented strong and adequate
  To keep him up to concert pitch.

The truth of God is vastly more
Than tomes of sentimental lore;
'Tis freedom for a soul hardbound
  In chains no earthly hand can rive;
'Tis chains no more if one hath found
  The way to save his soul alive.

THE PEOPLE

SOME sheep, of shepherd care bereft,
  Because the shepherd they have left,
Bell-wether led, he folly-smit,
  Take devious course with blund'rous speed
And scurry outward, miss or hit,
  Fatally on in blind stampede.

Scarce more possessing power of mind,
To proper courses bat-like blind,
The people, sheep-like, lacking wit
  Beyond belief in foolishness,
Safe paths incontinently quit
  And race to thickets of distress.

Divine endeavor makes attempt
To keep the foolish host exempt;
Parentally seeks to restrain,
  Makes plea and urges with command,
Appeals in vain to throngs insane,
  The people coldly stand, withstand.

To love is deepest, sweetest spring;
Transcends in man else everything.
Inertia love can dissipate,
  Make hate deliver up its sting;
Love labors early, labors late
  And, flying, swifts on tireless wing.

Love finds on earth a fearful foe
Arising from the hell below;
Insidious works his deadly wile,
  Assumes the beatific part,
Benignant wears a soulless smile —
  And glances forth a fiery dart.

Thus poisoned are the daughters, sons,
The Father's loved and precious ones;
Perversion marks their aims and moods
  And disobedience their deeds;
They eat sophisticated foods,
  They make and follow worthless creeds.

Cold ears repel God's whispers sweet,
Kind words are scorned with heartless heat;
The people list not Gospel truth,
  Prefer its semblance, counterfeit;
Discard the Word with little ruth
  And Him, the living Word, demit.

Ye will not come, Jehovah wails;
Why will ye die? But nought avails;
The people will or they will not,
  Their self importance turns the scale;
All heedless they of what they ought,
  Unmindful what their course entail.

O little ones, dependent all
On Him who notes the sparrow's fall,
Such deathless love how can ye spurn?
  Your hearts as flint how harden ye!
Your backs upon His pleadings turn,
  And ne'er before Him bend the knee.

His goodness leadeth to repent,
Requires that lowly knees be bent,
That deep contrition, hearty, true,
  From broken heartedness arise
And pleadings that most humbly sue
  For grace the Father's love supplies.

O people, children of the King
Into a happy column swing,
Form hollow square around your Lord
  And shout full-heartedness in praise;
He, worthy One, to be adored,
  Has loved and blessed you all your days.

Put on His armor, all prepared,
Take sword and have the right arm bared.
For you the Lord of glory died!
  For Him His people fight to live!
And so to live, so sanctified,
  As trophies rich and full to give.

The world awaits the Conqueror,
Has opened wide a welcome door;
The word, go forward! long ago
  Reverberated to the host;
With heavy-weighted steps and slow
  Has moved the host, drag-step at most.

The cost restrains? who counts the cost
When all is gain and nothing lost?
Nought can be lost, God's treasury
  Infallibly attracts the gold;
Receives He all — He gives it free —
  To those who wisely nought withhold.

O people, children, orphans else
Accept the only love that melts!
Heart-hardness yields before its power,
  All harmless is the sting of sin,
Satan perforce is made to cower,
  Blest heaven opes, ye enter in.

CHRISTIAN LIFE

THE true philosophy of life
  Is found in sweat-producing strife;
Life's real business God directs,
  Marks out for each the rightful way;
Too oft the man himself selects
  And takes the path that leads astray.

And, self-sufficient, will insist
In what vocation to enlist;
Fails soon, again and yet again;
  Declares his star an evil star
And flounders on, at last is slain,
  Goes whither the forgotten are.

The royal way demanding heed
Is where God's providences lead;
No little children more require
  Paternal hand to guard, direct
Than grown-up children need a sire
  To lead, encourage and protect.

Explicitly is stated what
The Father wills the common lot:
Seek first God's kingdom Christ has said,
  Excuse is none to read amiss;
Of duties all that is the head,
  Made known with solemn emphasis.

Who finds the way, therein proceeds,
Commands supplies for all his needs;
Thereto Jehovah sets His seal,
  Jehovah jireh is the pledge;
Protection too shall be his weal
  Beneath God's sword of double-edge.

And every one's a dynamo
Whose duty is to grow and go;
To grow on manna heaven provides,
  To go along the heaven-lit way;
He else with obstacles collides,
  Is hindered, crippled, led astray.

But hand in hand with angel guide
Wayfarers move with fearless stride;
If long the journey be or short,
  What obstacles soe'er intrude,
Or enemies that must be fought,
  The end in view is roseate-hued.

In parable the Christ declared,
In miracle His arm He bared;
Howe'er the Savior comes to veiw,
  Transcendent is, unparalleled;
The Scriptures indicate the clue
  Where foolish guess-work is dispelled.

He taught us how to live and die,
Unfolded life's philosophy;
Himself advancing, blazed the way,
  Left lum'nous footsteps all along,
Held mighty things in magnet sway,
  Crooned love's divinest, sweetest song.

Draws onward, upward, heavenward still,
Gives lifting help up Zion's hill;
Gives touch to elsewise blinded eye
  That hints of glory may be seen;
Gives further touch to fortify
  And render heavenly hopes serene.

At best appeareth all in hints —
Resplendent glory seen in tints.
The little that the righteous hold
  Than tainted much is better far;
A hope of heaven outweighs all gold
  As planets shrink beneath a star.

Commands the Lord: make sure to seek
That which pertaineth to the meek;
Blest lowliness is godliness
  And that inherits all there is,
And that is germ of true success
  And leads to glorious destinies.

He hardly would be rated poor
Who holds, his own, the Kohinoor.
There is a pearl of greater price
  And one for each who will receive;
He blesséd is who lists advice
  And instant hastens to achieve.

If poverty destroy the poor
Then find if possible a cure:
The golden rule, rightly obeyed,
  The world would revolutionize;
But will it ever be essayed
  Before millennium's sun arise?

My brother's keeper am I? Yes!
'Tis ours the golden rule to press;
However others do we do
  Whatever brotherhood requires;
Square honesty bids us be true
  If forge we must thru blazing fires.

In God's great kingdom humbly take
What self-important ones forsake.
The lowly place is stepping-stone,
  To higher, nobler levels leads;
Neglected never are His own —
  The Lord the truly humble heeds.

The lisping of His children hears
And them He, softly whisp'ring, cheers;
And this withheld, as children pine
  For nourishment and mother care,
They wilt as branches off the vine
  And cry for means to make repair.

The Christian's Life is ceaseless prayer
However circumstanced or where;
On contrite knee each morning prays
  For needed blessing thru the day;
At close of day he ne'er delays
  His meed of prayer and praise to pay.

As more and more his heart requires
He kindles other altar fires;
These exercises duly wind
  Himself, a royal prayer-machine;
'Tis thus he gains the prayerful mind
  And thus unceasing prayer is seen.

To kindliness is Christian called,
Priestess and priest duly installed;
Kind words and deeds momentous are,
  Earth's creaking joints they lubricate;
Their influence is near and far,
  In every state and interstate.

We may not go but we can send
The wide world's mis'ries to amend;
And what we ought that do we must!
  The way and means are heaven's affair;
We hold indeed a sacred trust,
  Fulfilling which is first our care.

Peace makers Christ would have us be,
Inspired divinely, such as He;
Would have us use our industries
  The turmoils of the world to quell;
God's supplemental sympathies
  Would war's o'ershading clouds dispel.

Would have us sweetly introduce
The Father's stainless flag of truce.
Soft answers quench the fires of wrath
  And make their ashes fertilize
The substituted peaceful path
  So precious in the Father's eyes.

The gift of life is greatest gift,
An earnest of eternal thrift.
Who rightly lives has best success;
  This is success; false claimants they
Who to their bosoms millions press
  And think they bear the crown away.

The real crown englories him
Whose life is rippled to the brim
With noble deeds for God and man,
  With tho'ts highborn and pure and great,
Who vaults the little narrow span
  Where influences indurate.

Life is not life in proper large
Until it overleap the marge
Where one or all the senses rule;
  Must see with opened inner eye
That living low but plays the fool,
  That living right is living high.

'Tis splendid thus to live the right
And so become a belted knight;
God's knighthood is the highest rank
  This world has ever known or can;
'Side which all honors else are blank;
  Right living makes th' ideal man.

In Jesus Christ th' ideal shows,
All claimants else but falsely pose;
But Jesus gives the power to rise
  And toward such knighthood surely press,
Assurance giving that the prize
  Be giv'n determined willingness.

The sigh of the world is for doers
  Who dare to be faithfully true;
So great is the need for rescuers
  Who early and late seek to do.

For people whose love self-denying
  Constrains them to seek and to save;
Who find their great joy in complying
  With duties the Lord gives the brave.

Who fail not nor falter in giving
  As Christ gave Himself and His all;
Who learn there's a dying that's living,
  Ascension preceded by fall.

Who learn, tho to some past believing—
  Belief ne'ertheless is required—
To give, rightly giv'n, is receiving;
  Such giving is heaven-inspired.

PROVIDENCE

THE realm of living truth presents
  Scarce sweeter than God's Providence;
For one may surely come to know,
  If truly loyal to the Throne,
There is a gracious overflow
  For those whom God owns for His own.

Elijah-like to Cherith led,
To be like him by ravens fed,
Is heaven begun, already here,
  For so to have the Father's care
Is better than a glut's career
  Who overloads with needless fare.

The little that the righteous win
Is better than large gains of sin;
To walk upright the narrow path,
  Tho painful oft is blest at last;
The broad highway has aftermath
  In which the sinner stands aghast.

The soldier finds his lightened load
Makes lighter step upon the road;
While he who piles upon his back
  A heavy weight of surplusage
Will surely falter on the track
  And harshly fume in futile rage.

No nursling on the mother's arm
Well guarded 'gainst all hint of harm
Has tithe of watchcare given him
  Who humbly, confidently prays,
Who is upheld by seraphim
  And richly blest in all his ways.

If father, mother me forsake
The Father, God, amends will make;
'Tis promised so, and often so
  Neglected ones have surely found
By wonderful experience to know
  That providence is solid ground.

And what discovery compares
With finding that Jehovah cares?
Prospecters leap for very joy
  To find a problematic mine;
They find their find largely alloy —
  The metal has a doubtful shine.

And usual elusive is
As say all mining histories;
Mine, miner, minus just describe
  The ordinary course of mines,
And justifies the triatribe
  That quaintly, properly defines.

Illusion none in providence,
Nor fear of faithless negligence.
Forever is all heaven astir
  To care for this earth-nursery;
And providence is provender
  When children chorus hungrily.

Israel's wanderings forty years
Show how the Father sees and hears;
If hung'ring much they loudly cried,
  God, near, gave hearing to their prayer;
Of hunger not an Israelite died,
  For long they had angelic fare.

Incomprehensibility
Is God, observers must agree;
Invisible as well and yet
  He pulses all that lives and feeds,
And every need by Him is met;
  In Him what's right and good succeeds.

List Jesus Christ in wisdom speak:
God's kingdom must be first to seek;
Worldwide it is, the Lord's domain
  To be redeemed by honest toil;
Which long in sterile grip has lain,
  Of every enemy the spoil.

Seek first, commands the Husbandman,
Evasion none of Wisdom's plan,
This rightly done God's boundless store
  Opes outlet to suffuse the true;
Descends as copious rain's downpour
  Perennial verdure to renew.

'Tis known of God, all human need;
Responsive measures are decreed.
God feeds the birds, not less His own,
  The very children of His heart;
The lily bloometh not alone,
  Arrays He it in heaven's best art.

SECOND COMING

SUCH cheer as prophecy may bring
  Is given the church for comforting.
The risen Lord, departing soon,
  Left message of His sure return,
Held since by loving souls a boon
  Whose glory sets the heart aburn.

He bids be ready for dispatch
And trump of coming hosts to catch;
When least expected then will He
  Descend the happy air down thru;
We're bade to watch in constancy
  And prove ourselves to duty true.

Meanwhile He bids us up and do
And day by day the work renew;
Exactly how it all shall be
  Reserves the Father, knowing best;
A watchful, prayerful energy
  Fulfills Jehovah's blest behest.

Embargo none on quest is laid;
God's order, search! should be obeyed;
Interpretation color takes
  From temp'raments, so many hued;
And searching varying echoes wakes,
  Hued much according to the mood.

So modesty becomes us well
When under the prophetic spell;
No one e'er will in full discern
  Prophetic teachings of the Word,
But all, devout, may seek to learn—
  Concensus gives what least has erred.

He's coming soon; 'tis but a span
Since time of prophecy began;
The world is ripening like as fruit
  When blushings of full growth appear;
'Twere folly seeking to compute
  Just when the coming will be here.

Earth, ripened full, the Lord will come
To gather for His harvest home;
Fruit-pickers we; exalted place
  Assigned us in the great event;
'Twere well we take good heart of grace
  And make our calling evident.

The New Jerusalem prepares,
The time of her down-coming wears;
To nearness of the earth approach,
  In upper space aërial wait,
As came Elijah's fiery coach
  To bear the prophet hence in state.

Approach it will the earth below
And shine with heaven's peculiar glow;
Short-sighted eyes will fail to see,
  Touched eyes alone discriminate;
Caught up preparéd ones will be
  To pass within the pearly gate.

Paralysis for anxious eye
Fore'er the star-world to espy,
To read the signs, to catch the sounds,
  To misinterpret, seeing ill;
At best we live in narrow bounds;
  Th' event will show the Father's will.

While Jesus tarries sleep enfolds,
Its lethe all the watchers holds;
The durance of this slumbrous time
  Is kept in heaven's high court secrete;
We patient wait the final chime
  That sounds all prophecy complete.

We watch like Nehemiah's guard
Who weaponed were yet labored hard;
'Tis ours to feed the furnace fires;
  To hold the fateful wheel is His;
'Tis ours to stretch the sentient wires,
  'Tis His to shape the destinies.

We watch with every sense attent
And constant is our wonderment;
As buds the fig tree, showing spring,
  We see the buds of great events;
The wheel of time in time will bring
  Munificence of evidence.

Yet hardly can our tongues refrain—
Come, Jesus, quickly, come again!
The wrongs that hold our world in grip
  Determined are to loosen not;
They're thine, O Lord, the hand and whip,
  Shall scourge them to a shapeless blot.

Let loose we pray the forces pent
That for deliverance are meant;
'Tis chorus-pleading, quickly come
  Lest Satan's region overfill;
Already mighty is the sum
  He's carried captive at his will.

HELL

A PLACE of dreadfulness is hell,
For angels when from heaven they fell;
Seized Cain who slew Eve's later born;
Lays ruthless hand on all who fall;
Condition hopeless, dread, forlorn,
Death's ample and forbidding pall.

The blackness of fell darkness there,
A conscious region of despair;
Eye hath not seen nor ear hath heard
How frightful is the fatal pit;
Because dread sentence is deferred
Men lose their proper fear of it.

The baser passions there have rule;
Repentance there can find no stool;
Flames passion high but all in vain,
Denied the means to gratify;
Denial e'en to be insane;
There consciousness can never die.

Yet, true to blesséd Fatherhood,
Jehovah's infinitely good;
The best His goodness can devise
  Is known and felt in deepest hell;
No answering gratitudes arise—
  Dead hearts have no responsive swell.

Unfettered hate is hell's dread rage
With naught its frothings to assuage;
All powerless for fatal hurt
  'Gainst those who bear the Shepherd's brand,
Who stand defensively alert—
  Offensively in armor stand.

Gehenna is the valley where
The lost are gathered in despair;
Satan is earth's great scavenger,
  Has ferret eye, is keen of scent,
Has foot of sleuth and hate to spur,
  Pursues his quest with fell intent.

Like cunning fisherman gives line—
This deem the hooked is hopeful sign;
They plunge in fancied liberty
  To right and left, above, below
And prate of ablement to be
Or not to be, to come or go.

But holds the hook! and Satan holds,
And soon his fatal net enfolds,
And Hinnom gathers in his prey
  Whose gravitation places right,
Beneath the door that opes one way,
  In regions of eternal night.

Heaven purged him out! Since Satan fell
Impurity finds heaven in hell.
The atmosphere of heaven is pure,
  Were't not it were not heaven indeed;
Impurity cannot endure
  Where's nought its baleful fires to feed.

Mephitic is the air of hell
Made foul by every vicious smell
Of sewers all and every slum,
  Putrescence too of every name,
And where dissent is smitten dumb
  And where is flaunted every shame.

Especially is Satan mad
The Gospel of the Christ against;
Broods day and night on evil schemes
Subversion of the Right to work;
Hell's ingenuity directs,

Its weapons keeps on keenest edge
And cunning strategy employs
And all too often with success;
With stentor fulminations shrills,
With soft seductions captures wills.

HEAVEN

ON Patmos, Lord's day, John beheld
  What his and myriad hearts has swelled :
Saw Christ unveiled and subtly knew
  His Savior, Lord and deathless Friend ;
For thru John's eyes they see Him too
  Who, John-like, for the truth contend.

Christ's tenement of flesh laid by
Reveals Him to the tutored eye ;
The Spirit touches, clarifies,
  And man beholds, but dimly oft,
But seldom much, is so made wise
  And hungry for what teems aloft.

In mighty incandescent glow
Is seen a living Dynamo :
Jesus the Lord, the Son of Man,
  Garment-enveloped to the foot,
Majestic, towering, Kinglier than
  All kings and powers around Him put.

With golden girdle girt about,
Significant of virtue stout,
Above all blandishments secure,
  Has fought and won in that affray,
Has given His foes discomfiture,
  To be but serfs beneath His sway.

Divinely white His hair is seen
Indicative of white within;
No taint nor semblance of a taint
  In earth career had sullied Him;
Against Him lodged is no complaint,
  He stands the Chief of seraphim.

Flamed from His eyes coronal fire;
Draws to Him some, or bids retire;
On earth He sometimes flashed at eye
  Great flagrancy of sin against;
They, flashed upon, were glad to fly
  From presence of the Lord, incensed.

On those He loves lambent its glow,
Like warm caress, enraptures so;
Christ's love with fire is synonym;
  Burns it all semblances of lust;
Unhallowed things bro't near to Him
  Reduce impalpably to dust.

More beautiful than feet of those,
Whose tidings glad bring and disclose,
Are feet of Him who is the Head,
  Whose feet like burnished brass refined
Make luminous where'er He tread
  And leave a shining trail behind.

Whose voice, according to its pitch,
Whate'er its volume, clear and rich;
Like many waters ripples on,
  Or thundering reverberates
All kinds of tympanums upon
  And ne'er in futile harshness grates.

Whose hand, the right one, held seven stars,
Each shining star a son of Mars,
With power and light and joy imbued,
  All eyes, to catch the Kingly cue,
All tongue, with Gospel truth endued,
  All zeal, the conflict to pursue.

Above the brightness of the sun
Jehovah is the Glorious One,
The King of heaven in splendor swathed
  Beyond imagination's flights,
In floods of His own glory bathed
  And pillared strongly, hights on hights.

Great genius in concensus planned
The heavenly structure, inf'nite grand;
God's teaching gave the builders guide,
  The Holy Spirit wisdom lent;
Progressing it was glorified—
  'Twere small to say magnificent.

He, seated on His rightful throne,
The glory of the throne outshone;
Whose glow of life upon His face
  Disclosed a soul with joy inflate,
Whose every movement, grace of grace,
  Proclaimed His spirit strong, elate.

A man of sorrows once was He
Now clothed with proper majesty.
Contributing to Him and His,
  Arrayed around Him, tier on tier,
His states in mighty congeries—
  A real or a seeming sphere.

On lesser thrones, in princely state,
Vicegerents sit, serene, sedate;
By lesser ones surrounded they,
  Illustrious show harmonious,
A soul-uplifting pageantry,
  And perfect order obvious.

Kaleidoscopically planned
The heaven's obey mutation's hand;
Ceaselessly changing is the scene
  And friction e'er impossible;
The spirit of it all irene—
  Stupendously a miracle.

At heart of this immortal sphere
Is Throne of thrones established here;
Shekinah glory coronates
  Unspeakable supremacy,
And instantly disseminates
  Effusions 'round unstintedly.

All suns conjoining fire to fire
To form the fane of God conspire;
Siderial glory so displayed,
  From station of advantage scanned,
Some understanding is conveyed
  Of what the eye can ne'er command.

An undiscovered One is He
Who is from all eternity!
Past finding out His wondrous ways,
  Imagination droops her wing;
Yet fixed and happy is the gaze
  That tires not, looking, wondering.

There come to such sufficient hints
As happy happenings evince;
They who intelligently wait
  With eye and ear in right attent
Shall get reward, delightful, great
  And heartening encouragement.

Heaven's silences touch deepest springs
Propitious for sweet whisperings;
Heaven's instruments of perfect note
  Convey to every listening ear
Exquisite harmonies that float
  To ravish that melodious sphere.

And central in that orchestra
An organ peals its notes afar;
Steals softly on the drowsy sense
  Or rouses like a clarion;
Holds listening hosts in thrall intense
  Or quicks to loud acclaim anon.

Sends forth melodious wave on wave
To hold in rapture that conclave;
That mighty far-resounding peal
  Conveys a Voice, the Master's word —
Such means employs He to reveal
  Whatever message should be heard.

Electric is the atmosphere
Conducing to unending cheer;
And this, analogous to fire,
  Both purifies and vivifies;
'Tis perfectness the heavens require,
  With heaven's law blest heaven complies.

And heaven has great activities
Supplied by marv'lous arteries;
The puny things of pigmy earth
  The deeds of heaven scarce intimate;
Great structures of eternal worth
  Are constant there initiate.

Earth's genius, embryonic here,
In heaven colossal shall appear;
And there in all things great or small
  No hint of imperfection is;
Magnificence pervades it all—
  A miracle of mysteries.

Within this vast unmeasured sphere
See New Jerusalem appear!
Of cubelike form symmetrical,
  Proportioned for an ample host
That duly at the trumpet's call
  Shall earthward move from heaven's coast.

Shall enter earth's rare atmosphere
Just out of eye-range yet quite near;
And too ethereal for mortal eye,
  Untutored, to discern its form;
Intended thither they shall hie
  Who may escape the fiery storm.

Devoted is the earth to burn
So that itself shall be its urn;
Consuming fires shall renovate;
  So noxious and offending things
Shall surely, suddenly abate
  Despite adverse imaginings.

Caught up shall God's dear children be
And into that blest city flee —
A greater Pella than of yore
  When Titus drew his army round,
Down on Jerusalem he bore
  Preventing outlet to be found;

Except for Christians, who, alert,
Discovered how they might desert;
Made haste to fly the opening thru,
  Pressed on as Lot from Sodom fled,
Heaven-guarded lest the foe pursue,
  Heaven-saved from city of the dead.

Full many a flower, desert-born,
Whose blushes vie with early morn,
Exhales sweet fragrance, borne aloft,
  On wing of zephyr or of gale,
Is counted waste or lost too oft
  As if it bloomed to no avail.

On high it wings to Paradise,
Is counted there a precious prize;
Earth's perfume is angelic food,
  Among the best of courses sweet,
By Christ Himself considered good,
  For lesser thrones confection meet.

The earth itself is but a flower,
Delightful in its blooming hour;
A flower is man who at his best
  Exhales to God his very soul
And finds therein his dearest zest,
  Attains in that his noblest goal.

Requital of the earth is this:
It shows the Blood was not amiss;
The sterile world was fertilized
  By Jesus' sin-atoning blood;
Enrichment such far greater prized
  Than e'er received from wat'ry flood.

A throne of firmamental suns —
Conjoined, they seem, like nuptial ones —
Together hold in bands of fire
  Yet hold apart that in between
Some baby worlds, prone to aspire,
  May join in joyful bonds irene.

Here living colors, million-hued,
All multi-harmonies include;
Majestically onward move,
  Some hither urge or thither bear,
The poetry of motion prove,
  A supervising Eye declare.

Here varied sounds in infinite
The corridors of heaven transmit;
Some quick the e'er responsive sense
  To attitudes alive, alert;
Some urge to needful diligence
  In doings multiform, expert.

Some soothe to happy somnolence
Where labor finds sweet recompense;
No magic spell in lethe holds,
  No anesthetics' deathlike sleep,
No anodyne in trance enfolds,
  No drugs that o'er the senses creep;

Where health, eternal rightness, health,
A chief asset in heaven's wealth,
Is there superabounding joy;
  'Tis heaven just merely living there!
Nor any mixture of alloy,
  Nor any drawbacks that impair.

Museums line the grand highway
Where, placed in varying array,
The things this world, all worlds, produce;
  The worlds themselves in effigy,
Mementos of their cults profuse
  Arranged in order perfectly.

The gallery of England's queen,
Where tokens endlessly were seen,
Sent up from Britain's wide domain,
  Indicative of loyalty,
Might serve in little to make plain
  Heaven's doings and its harmony.

Heaven's galleries! What facile pen
Depict to undiscerning men?
Heaven's eye alone can fully see,
  Such comprehension take it in;
Extends it out to apogee
  From hither bound of origin.

Machinery, heaven-power, not horse —
Of ample, undenoted force,
Makes heaven progressively alive;
  While splendid minds urge business on,
Presenting so a mighty hive;
  No picture can be overdrawn.

Eternity could never drain
Resources of this vast domain;
From undetermined time the throng,
  That press and polish golden streets,
Has moved these avenues along
  And scanned these wonderful retreats.

And central in these great highways
The cross — the very cross — has place;
Bloodstained it is, its nails are there,
  The superscription still remains;
The greatest throngs to this repair,
  Full-hearted interest never wanes.

The bloody cross, despised on earth,
Is held in heaven at highest worth;
If guard were needed to protect,
  Incessant throngs supply the need;
For all the throng have heart correct,
  Nor taint of childish vandal greed;

In light ineffable is bathed,
In the Shekinah glory swathed !
Repellant? no ! attractive is,
  The Glorious Gospel illustrate ;
The visible of mysteries,
  With endless power to educate.